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Things in General.

THE proposed Manitoulin and North Shore Railway ought to receive all possible encouragement from the citizens of Toronto. We are perhaps more vitally interested than any other people in Ontario in having New Ontario developed, and in having the development proceed in such a way that this city will not be sidetracked as a distributing and wholesale center in favor of Montreal or any eastern city. The securing of the handling of a portion of the western grain traffic, which might be the result of an air line to Collingwood in conjunction with the improvement of the St. Lawrence canals, would perhaps mean a good deal to Toronto, but on the other hand it might not mean more than the building of a few elevators and the addition of a few score of cheap laborers and their families to our population. On the other hand, it is of vital interest to Toronto to maintain its position as the commercial and financial metropolis of the Province, and especially to push its claims as the natural base of supplies for the new country that is being opened up to the north. Winnipeg, which is becoming more and more a commercial and manufacturing city, has grown as the resources of the surrounding country have been developed. So must Toronto do. Let us get the grain trade if we can, but let us see that we are not jockeyed out of selling the settlers of New Ontario their groceries, dry goods, shoe leather, and other necessities.

The Manitoulin and North Shore Railway Company, it is said, are prepared to guarantee the actual settlement of the country. In this connection, the following figures are worth studying: Between 1881 and 1891 the foreign-born population in Canada increased only 38,141, although the Dominion during that period expended \$2,804,300 on immigration, \$20,000,000 on public works, and over \$67,000,000 towards aiding railway construction. If the company are required to bring into New Ontario 10,000 settlers or artisans, this would practically mean an increased population of 40,000, which is greater than that obtained by the Dominion after the expenditure of the vast sums above mentioned.

IT is interesting, if somewhat depressing, to observe the amount of space devoted by the weekly illustrated papers both of Europe and of this continent to lugubrious subjects, such as funerals, death-beds, sick-chambers, and battle-fields. The past year has been especially prolific of these morbid subjects, and it is unfortunately almost impossible to pick up any of the pictorial publications without being reminded that, speaking paradoxically, one of the principal businesses of life is dying. We have had in rapid succession the Boer war, the illness and death and funeral of Queen Victoria, the illness of the Empress Frederick, the death of Verdi, of ex-President Harrison, and of a score of more commonplace personages, and each of these has been made the subject of a great deal of morbid detail. It seems to me that this is being converted into an unnecessarily funeral world. The death of even a great and good man or woman ought not to be set forth as the most important and picturesque kind of event obtainable for illustration; yet just as an example of what is being forced on the attention of readers, I find that in last week's "Harper's" and "Collier's Weekly" alone there were no less than nineteen pictures of the hearse, coffin, grave, pall-bearers, and similar details of General Harrison's funeral.

What the public really needs in this day is something to cheer it up, something that partakes of the joyousness of a spring morning and that echoes the lift of the robins who sing because the world is a good place, and because it is a blessing to be alive. Everybody has had enough of the lugubrious and black. There is no reason why the morbid details of death and burial should forever be forced on people who have troubles of their own.

Some one has, with a sardonic stroke, written down the Victorian age as the "Victorian undertaking age," and after all there is a good deal of truth in the grim humor of the phrase. The luxury of grief in which the late Queen indulged for a third of a century, while it was very womanly and entirely admirable as an expression of wifely loyalty, had not altogether a wholesome influence on popular taste and fashion. People everywhere came to have a morbid passion for undertaking. They hungered after hearse and thirsted for funerals. The simple laying away of the out-worn tenement of the spirit became a more and more elaborate ceremonial of woe. Black bombazine, black crepe, black hearse, black horses, black plumes, black gloves, black-edged paper, black-bordered handkerchiefs, black widow's weeds, smooth-shaven men in black suits with black looks on their faces, black bands on their black coat-sleeves, and long black weepers on their high black hats, came into vogue as never before. This is pre-eminently the age of showy and extravagant grief. The undertaker, the coffin-maker, and the tombstone man flourish as never before. We give our dead funerals miles in length. We erect mortuary monuments that add new horrors to death, and we carve on them epitaphs that he who runs may read. Some of us have become so morbidly conscious of the value of correct funeral etiquette that we leave minute directions in our wills as to the disposal of our poor unentombed clay and the attendant ceremonies.

It strikes me that the spending of so much thought, money and time upon what ought to be a simple and tender act is all wrong. To mourn the departed is natural. The best hearts are those capable of the most poignant grief. But the deepest sorrow does not display itself for measurement by the cold, cynical eye of the world. And there is no reason why death should be magnified into proportions that overshadow life itself. The illustrated papers to the contrary, notwithstanding, the main business of this world is living, not dying. Death is but the least important thing to be recorded of a mortal. It is not the sentence, but only the period at the end of the sentence. It is the full stop to a life good or evil, sordid or heroic, brief or burdened with many years. When the great and the good die, let us have the scenes and pictures of their struggles, triumphs, and perchance of their reverses, rather than the meaningless repetition of grave-yard engravings with which we are now invariably regaled.

AND speaking of this, the thought occurs that even in our religion we have perhaps laid too much stress on the sombre things. This week, Christendom has been contemplating the hollow trial conducted before Pontius Pilate over nineteen hundred years ago, and the awful tragedy that followed on the little hill outside the walls of Jerusalem. But to-morrow our thoughts will be turned to the glad and triumphant hour of the Resurrection. It is possible that the Church has never apportioned correctly the significance of these two events in the story of the life of Jesus. For centuries the Crucifixion has been preached as the central fact of the Gospel. The sacrificial mission of the Saviour and the doctrine of vicarious atonement have been dinned into the ears of men from every pulpit and by every sect. After all, is not the Resurrection the more significant and helpful part of the story? One speaks of such a matter with a softer voice and writes of it with a slower pen, but the execution of Jesus has

always seemed to me a repellent subject, and I know of many persons who cannot square the doctrine of vicarious atonement with any conception of justice or logic. All, however, are attracted by the story of the resurrected body of Him who walked and worked in Galilee, and though the incident does not appeal to reason, it does appeal strangely and wonderfully to faith. This is not intended to be a sermon. There are those whose duty it is to expound these things, who can deal with them at greater length and with more authority than I. Yet it is perhaps not out of place for a layman to suggest that the emphasis laid by religionists upon the killing of Jesus, with the teaching of the doctrines that have grown up about that phase of the story, have obscured the real lesson and the chief beauty of the message.

JUDGE ARCHIBALD'S judgment in the Delpit case is a clear and well-reasoned statement of the supreme position of the civil authority over all ecclesiastical authority in the matter of marriage. Scarcely anyone will question the soundness of Judge Archibald's conclusions, except the prelates and cloister politicians who have an interest at stake in bolstering up the claims of the Roman Catholic Church to exercise authority over its members without regard to civil enactments. At the time the Del-

mittees, and the prevalence of lobbying have strengthened the idea that the railway, street railway, gas, and electric light magnates are practically running Ontario, and though Opposition members have had as many fingers in the pie as the Cabinet Ministers and their supporters have had, it should be borne in mind by Premier Ross that the Government stands to lose more than the Opposition if the impression becomes widespread that the Legislature works as the corporations pull the string. Mr. Jim Conner of West Algoma is too zealous in the defense of the privileges of franchise holders to be a source of strength to the Ross Government as one of its chief supporters. If the Government were wise, they would shelve this very aggressive gentleman into some nice soft berth and go ahead without him. Mr. Ross may fancy that it ought to be easy to beat the so-called Opposition, and so it should. But the best way of going about it is not the one the Premier seems to be adopting. The Ontario Government had a close call three years ago, and the results of the Dominion general elections in this Province did not add to the sunshine in the picture. Mr. Ross cannot increase his chances of success by further alienating the enthusiasm of the plain people. It would be a good thing if Ontario could have a party that would honestly and strenuously stand up for the rights of municipalities. The companies

teaching hypnotism, and the subject might well be dealt with by the Legislature.

A FLOOD of abuse has been deluged upon the ill-starred Admiral Sampson by the newspapers of the United States as result of that officer's now famous letter concerning the promotion of warrant officers in the navy. This letter was a strictly confidential document, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy. It was mysteriously purloined, and made public just in time to ruin Admiral Sampson's chance of promotion as recommended by the President to Congress. It gave rise to a tremendous amount of "hot air" from the popularity-hunting newspapers and politicians of the United States, and the net result is that one more naval hero of the Spanish war is consigned to limbo by his own countrymen. It is true that the English once shot an admiral for failure to win a victory, but it has remained for the Yankees to overpraise and then execrate successful officers. Brigadier-General Funston is now the popular hero of the United States. If his fate follows that of Dewey, Hobson, and Sampson, he will be forgotten, or merely remembered as the subject of idle bar-room jests, in about two years at the outside.

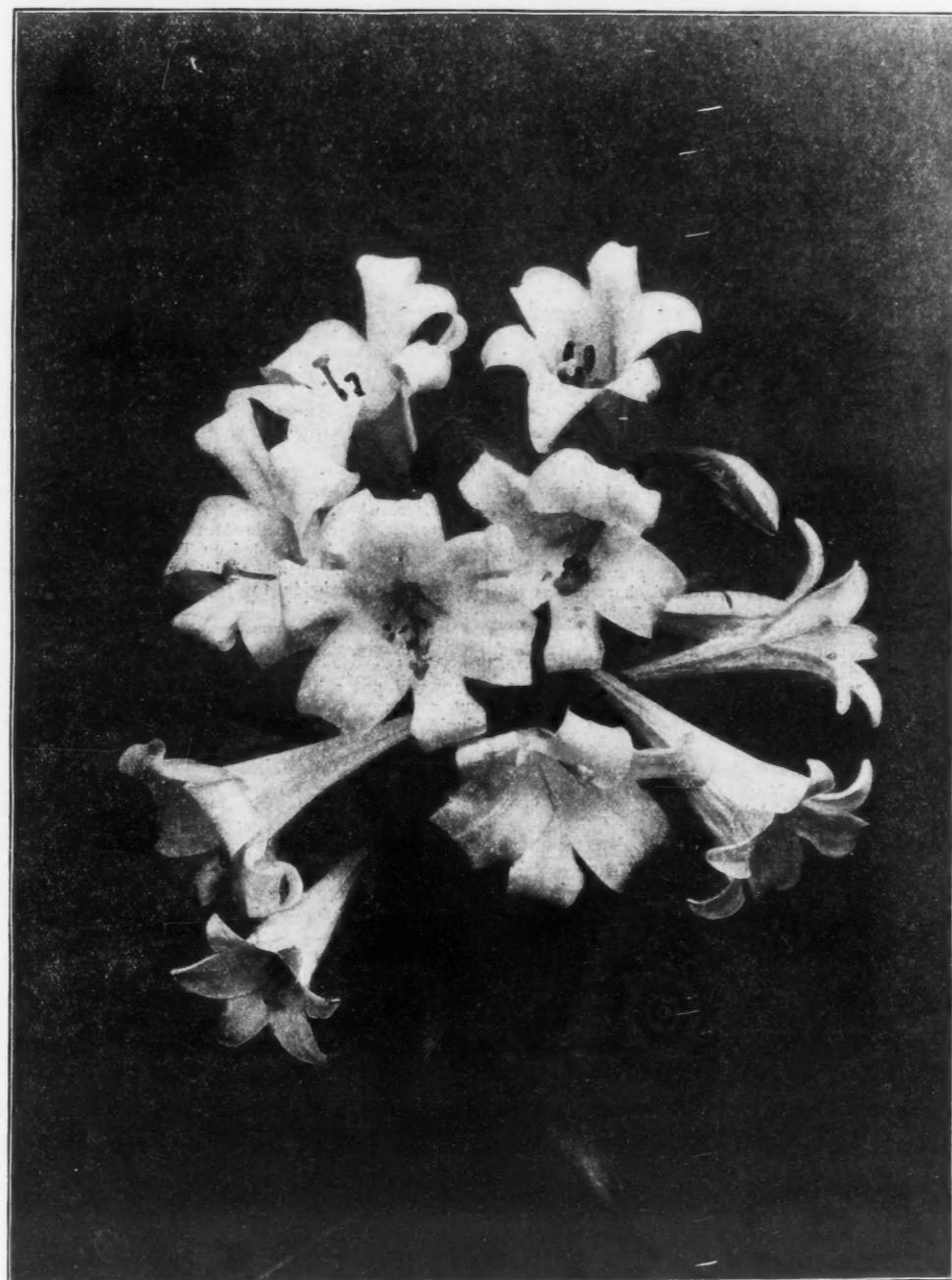
A portion of Admiral Sampson's much-discussed letter to Secretary Long read as follows: "These men are recruited from a class who have not had the social advantages that are a requisite for a commissioned officer. It is submitted that in time of peace the navy's function consists, to a certain extent, of representing the country abroad; and it is important that the navy's representatives should be men of at least refinement. While there are perhaps a certain few among the warrant officers who could fulfil this requirement, I am of the opinion that the vast majority of them could not. Once they are commissioned they will have the same social standing as other officers, and no distinction properly could be made in extending general invitations. The consequences that would arise from their acceptance might not redound to the credit of the navy or the country which the navy represents." From this passage it has been generally inferred that Admiral Sampson is a cad who looks on the navy as a social rather than a military machine. It has been recalled that the Admiral himself is the son of a laborer, and he has therefore been crucified as a snob who looks with lofty disdain on the class from which he himself sprang. One of the very staidest of United States periodicals pronounces him, on the head of this letter, "unfit to command American officers and seamen."

The question raised by this incident is not without its bearing on Canadian life, because in this country there is growing up an aristocratic class at the head of our militia organization. The South African war has given a great boost to society's valuation of the uniform; and the very tendency which the revelations of this war ought to have checked—the tendency to lay stress on the social qualifications of officers—is in danger of being unduly emphasized. Whatever may be said of the gentlemanly deportment and fine personal qualities of the British officer, there is no getting around the fact that he is almost universally regarded as having been a military failure and blunderer in this war. And if this is true, it is equally true that the explanation may be found in the fact that the open sesame to military promotion in the Old Country has been social pull. The British army is not a democratic organization. For the private soldier or non-commissioned officer to rise to position and power in that institution on the basis of proven worth and ability is almost as impossible as it is for fishworms to become butterflies. The only explanation that has ever been offered for the terrible efficiency of Napoleon's armies as fighting machines, is that talent was invariably recognized and encouraged, and everyone, from marshals to drummer-boys, was consequently saturated with the spirit of emulation.

It is quite true, as Admiral Sampson says, that the navy has a social and representative function. It is equally true that seamen and gunners promoted to commissions might not generally carry to their new duties the urbanity and cultivation which a comparatively recent tradition demands of naval officers. Admiral Sampson, for calling attention to this aspect of the matter, hardly merits the disgraceful epithet of "a conceited ass" which one United States Senator has applied to him in a public speech. Yet the real function of a navy or army or of a militia force is as a fighting machine. Its social and representative character is entirely subordinate and secondary. Whatever promotes the main end is desirable, no matter how it conflicts with the incidental functions. On the whole, the rebuke so unanimously administered to Admiral Sampson is called for, and it ought to have a salutary effect on snobbery in the officers' sets of both navy and army across the line. Here in Canada we have no navy and no army within the usual definitions of the terms. But we have a militia that exists for the defence of our country, and the Sampson incident ought not to be lost on those who are seeking to make it, as far as they can, a derrick for dumping social aspirants a course or two higher in the big pyramid they are building in Vanity Fair.

A S will be remembered, a correspondent, in discussing some comments I had made on the impossibility of foretelling the future, proclaimed his faith in astrology, of which he is an amateur student, and volunteered to put to the test as to whether he could outline the chief characteristics of disposition and career as well as personal appearance of anyone who would furnish him through these columns with correct data as to date, hour and place of birth. The matter has evidently interested a great number of people, for I have been deluged with replies. As I stated last week, there is not the slightest intention on my part of converting "Things in General" into a fortune-telling outfit, yet I am quite willing that this gentleman's claims on behalf of astrology should be good-naturedly investigated. From the bunch of letters before me, I have selected four for this purpose. Number One, female, was born March 13th, 1859, about midnight, fifty miles north-east of Toronto. Number Two, male, was born January 27th, 1861, at 11 a.m. in Toronto. Number Three, female, was born March 15th, 1872, between 8 and 9 a.m., in Brighton, Sussex, England. Number Four, male, was born April 8th, 1837, between 3 and 4 a.m. at Bath, England. If my astrological friend will give us his horoscope of each of these individuals, and the latter will take the readers of "Saturday Night" into their confidence as to accuracy of the readings, the results ought to prove interesting and diverting, if nothing more.

S CARCITY of moderate-sized dwelling houses in Toronto is said to be producing a decided upward tendency in rents as well as the imposition of hard and unusual conditions upon tenants. No city is better placed than Toronto for expansion, and it is regrettable that with hundreds of acres of available building sites on every side there should be reason for complaint about the difficulty of housing the growing population. It is much better for a city to grow outward than upward, and we may congratulate ourselves that so far the tendency here has been for population to scatter rather than to centralize. The



EASTER LILIES.

See page 2.

pit case first attracted general attention, I expressed the opinion that the public should be slow to judge as between the parties to this dispute. When M. Delpit wrote a long letter to the press asking the public to suspend judgment and making charges against Madame Delpit that, if true, would go a long way to justify him in seeking an annulment of the marriage, I expressed the belief that the husband was the aggrieved party, and was entitled to public sympathy. I have found no reason for modifying that belief. Judge Archibald's decision is not on the merits of the case. It merely asserts the right of Protestant ministers under the law to marry competent persons without reference to the communion to which they belong. That is a decision which should be unassailable. But if the Delpit case is to be tried on its merits, my sympathies, in common with those of thousands of Protestants, will be from the most atrocious abuse and misconduct in his domestic life, before seeking relief.

THE Ontario Government has both gained and lost in public esteem this session, and it is questionable whether it has not lost more than it has gained. Premier Ross started out bravely to win back some of the popular enthusiasm that had been slipping like sand through the fingers of the Ontario Liberals. Personally, Mr. Ross is above comparison in ability and statesmanship qualities with any other man on the floor of the Assembly, either to the right or to the left of Mr. Speaker. But after giving promise of a vigorous forward policy he has temporized with almost every question that gave him the opportunity to strike a popular chord. He has temporized with the University question and with the scrap-iron assessment law. He is temporizing with the Temiscaming railway project. In introducing the enabling bill to permit municipal councils to exempt the property of corporations engaged in providing "public services" he has conveyed the very damaging impression that the Government is as subservient to corporate wealth and power as it is charged with being. The queer "doings" in several com-

and their lobbyists are growing insufferably cheeky and dictatorial, but the people are strong and they have convictions upon this question. Premier Ross has an opportunity to make himself solid for a long term of office, but if his party conducts itself as it has done this session, the Opposition, weak in ability and courage though it be, may knock the Government all over the lot at the next elections.

THERE is one omission in the demands of the Metropolitan Railway Company that the directors of that concern and the Toronto Street Railway ought to fill in without delay. While they are about it, let them have the right to pile freight on the Yonge street sidewalks up to one yard from the shop frontages. The Legislature would doubtless be inclined to grant so insignificant a concession. After all, the city has no property in its streets and the citizens no rights thereon. With a three-foot passage up and down either sidewalk, the grasping and unreasonable inhabitants of this burg would doubtless be liberally provided with space to move about and conduct their business, in the opinion of the railway magnates and the statesmen from Burnt Pine and Painted Pump.

CONSIDERING the number of travelling mesmerists giving their unedifying entertainments throughout Ontario, it is not surprising that a public school board in Western Ontario has had to take steps to put down the practice of this dangerous and little-understood power amongst the pupils there. Toronto has had a great many improper exhibitions under the name of hypnotism this winter. The average travelling hypnotist is ignorant, unscientific, and devoid of a sense of his responsibility in demonstrating this exceedingly dangerous form of psychic influence. It is said to be by no means difficult to acquire hypnotic power. In the hands of ignorant, immature or unscrupulous persons, this power may be the means of working untold mischief. It seems to me that the time has come for regulating the "professors" who go about

electric car and the bicycle get the credit for this, yet though these are universal, the same effect has not been observable to the same extent in most cities. Toronto is still unique amongst places of its size as a city devoid of "flats." On the whole, this is a desirable condition to maintain. The flat system cannot but abolish many of the best things associated with the Anglo-Saxon idea of home. Where a city is able to grow outward, like Toronto, instead of together and upward, like the congested centers of population in the United States and Europe, it carries the trim front lawn and the tight little back yard with it as it expands. Of course there is a limit to the distance at which the ordinary employee can conveniently and economically live away from his place of work. Still it is to be hoped the expansive tendency of Toronto's growth will continue. The upward movement of rents will cause money to seek investment in providing adequate dwelling house accommodation. There seems to be opportunity for the profitable employment of funds in building comfortable six, eight, or ten-roomed houses in the outskirts of the city. The greatest difficulty of families with an income of from eight to ten hundred dollars a year is to find small houses suited to their needs, away from squalid and unsightly surroundings.

A N Indiana law maker, imbued with the wisdom of the principle that only the fittest of the human race should be permitted to perpetuate the species, has caused to be passed by the legislature of that State a resolution providing for the appointment of a commission to "inquire into the laws pertaining to marriage and divorce, the physiological and hygienic effect of marriage under certain conditions and circumstances upon the offspring and society, and what are the rights, powers and obligations of the State in the premises."

Now here is a state of things that should give us pause. While the resolution is merely a preliminary step and does not go to the extent of making any regulations that will hamper or embarrass the ardent love-makers of Indiana, it is possibly the precursor of some such law as would put an end to the matrimonial aspirations of a large proportion of the population. The resolution says further:

"It shall be the further duty of said commission to make full report of their investigations under the provisions of this resolution, and their conclusion reached, together with such recommendations relating thereto, as to measures which may be adopted to remedy or mitigate evils now existing, which result in great domestic suffering and infelicity, and entail great expense upon society and the State; also to prepare and submit as a part of their report a remedial bill for the consideration of the General Assembly of the State, which report and bill shall be submitted to the next regular session thereof, to be held in the month of Indiana in 1903."

Measures of this kind have long been discussed by well-intentioned people. I have heard men seriously propose the prohibition of marriages by consumptives, drunkards, and scrofulous persons. The theory of the survival of the fittest is far from new. It is recognized in the propagation of animals that are bred with a view to the improvement of their kind. But when we come to apply such a principle to human beings there is an insuperable difficulty because moral as well as physical questions come into play. The mating of the morally diseased is perhaps more prolific of evil than that of the physically unsound. Consumptive parents bring into the world children with weak breathing organs who are likely to become consumptives. But a salacious-minded man, while perfectly vigorous and sound physically, may bring into the world children cursed with a deadlier and socially more dangerous endowment than weak lungs or any physical infirmity. Where, then, are we going to draw the line?

THE distinguished ex-statesman who writes intoxicating descriptions of the Dominion Parliament's doings for the "Evening News" gives vent to a wail about "autocracy in the Government of Canada" and contrasts Russia, where "one-man power is limited by assassination," with this country, where, he says, even this limitation does not exist. It is possible the sometime member for Pile-o'-Bones, when he speaks of one-man power, refers to his own memorable majority of one. If this is the case it is quite true that one-man power is not limited in Canada by assassination. Otherwise the esteemed former member for Pile-o'-Bones, or the returning officer whose single vote sent him to Ottawa, would long ago have been ushered from this sphere of tribulation and of alleged autocratic government.

Easter Lilies:

The Bermuda lily is one of the foreigners which has established a place in the hearts of the people of America. Its pure white chalices are found not only in the church and chapel, but in the homes of the people, on Easter morning; they carry their message of the resurrection to a life where the spirit will be freed from the flesh that trammels it. How fitting that they should come from the Summer islands, where there is no winter, no falling of leaves!

As one sits in the air perfumed by the droppings from the lily-bells the romantic story of the land of their nativity enriches their beauty. No thunder of cannon or long tale of war sullies the pages of the history of the Bermudas. The Bermuda lily was introduced into this country in 1875. Two plants in bud and bloom were brought to Philadelphia by a lady and given to a florist. The florist, appreciating their beauty and value, cultivated the plants for the bulbs. Since that time the exporting of the lily-bulbs has been one of the industries of Bermuda. Very few lilies are exported, as the cut flowers do not arrive in good condition. Nor does it pay to export the growing plants, because of the duty and the cost of freighting so delicate a cargo. The bulbs are exported all over the world and are a valuable source of revenue. Thus these great beautiful lilies have a new significance. They bloom that dying, they may come to life under new conditions, where they surpass in beauty what they were in their native home.

Social and Personal.

AFTER Easter festival and Easter visits are over, the thoughts and plans of society are almost all directed to the Horse Show, which begins on April 24th, and occupies the remainder of the week. A good many visitors will be in town, not only the smart folk from a distance, but many persons nearer at hand, who defer their spring shopping until the week of the Show, and enjoy the excitement and added life which it gives the city. The sailor lads, who are to give their drill, and will add so much novelty and interest, will be a great attraction, and congratulations are many to the energetic committee on arranging for their visit to Toronto. Very fine music will also be rendered by first-class bands, one, at least, fresh from triumphs across the line. The opening show of the century should be the most successful yet held.

Mrs. Riddell was home for a short stay this week, and gives better news of the condition of Mrs. Crossen, her mother, whose serious illness has kept her family in such great anxiety. On Thursday Mrs. Riddell went away again to Cobourg for Easter.

Miss Denison, who has been visiting her brother, Major Denison, and Mrs. Denison, at London, returned to Toronto this week, and is again residing with Colonel and Mrs. Delamere in Cecil street.

Mr. J. R. Walker and a party of Canadians are enjoying a visit in Nassau and other Southern resorts. They had a Canadian sailing party one day last month, while sleet and east winds played tag in Toronto streets. Many To-



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Social and Personal.

Mr. George Mackenzie Brown, M.P., son of the late Honorable George Brown, and Miss Mary Nelson of Edinburgh are to be married next Tuesday afternoon at St. Leonard's, Edinburgh, in Mayfield United Free Church. A reception will be held at St. Leonard's afterwards.

Mrs. Farrell, the very clever and popular visitor from Winnipeg, who has been so welcome a member of many pleasant parties in Toronto this year, has gone to Kingston to visit Mrs. Drury.

Captain Corey has left town and will sail to rejoin his regiment this month in South Africa. The Dublin Fusiliers owe the Boers nothing in the way of gallant attentions, and have made that telling red mark upon the dark continent which never rubs out, at once the glory and the sorrow of this regiment of born fighters.

I hear that Mrs. Seymour and Miss Sybil Seymour are going to England. Mr. Frank Phillips has returned from Nassau. Mrs. Frank Arnold has returned from St. Catharines after a stay of a fortnight at the Welland. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Bogart are in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond in Grosvenor street. Mr. Bogart has been removed from Winnipeg to Toronto, and he and his young wife are welcomed back by very well pleased friends. Mrs. Prince of Spadina road has been quite a sufferer from her eyes, and has been under treatment, which has confined her to the house for some time. Mrs. Ritchie of Beverley street has also been a semi-invalid for some time, and is not yet quite well. Mr. Ritchie has been down in Pittsburgh on business. Mr. W. Claude Fox has returned from British Columbia, where he spent a month. Mrs. G. C. Patterson of Embro, who has been visiting friends in town, returned home on Friday last.

On Friday afternoon, March 29th, Mrs. W. H. Lee gave a progressive tea to number of ladies, the bride-elect, Miss Mamie Palmer, Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Mrs. Jack Drynan, Mrs. Gus Burritt, Mrs. Haas, Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mrs. MacWhinney, Mrs. W. H. Gooderham, Mrs. Ross Gooderham, Mrs. W. L. McLean, Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mrs. Robert Grant, and a bright coterie of pretty girls were among the ladies who played, and afterwards enjoyed a dainty tea.

The hopes that the postponed Grenadiers' Assembly would take place after Easter are without foundation, owing to the fact that the military mourning lasts until July. I have not heard whether the Argonauts intend giving their ball this spring or not. One the spring comes, and outdoor amusements, golf, riding, and such like are on, it's a question whether a big dance would arouse the same interest as in the season.

Mrs. Maddison of Willcock street has sent out cards for an At Home on next Tuesday afternoon, at which friends will meet as guest of honor her bright young granddaughter, the bride of last year, Mrs. Stephen Leacock.

Mr. Heathcote is not, after all, away with the enlisted men for the police force in South Africa, arrangements having fallen through concerning his appointment as chaplain.

The Rosedale Travel Club will meet at the residence of Mrs. Rannie, 128 Huntley street, Thursday evening, April 11th, at 8 o'clock.

On Tuesday and Wednesday of Easter week the junior members of the Women's Auxiliary will give a luncheon between the hours of 12 and 2:30 o'clock, in the St. James' Cathedral school-house, which they hope will be largely attended. Tickets, price 25 cents, may be procured at the door. The entertainment being an "Empire" lunch, the decorations will, in keeping with the idea, be of red, white, and blue. Some of the ladies who will act as hostesses on the occasion are: Miss Norah Sullivan, Miss Eileen Gooderham, Miss Brock, the Misses Nordheimer, Miss Mary Elwood, Miss Evelyn Cameron, Miss Audrey Allen, and Miss Wright.

Dr. Van Hummell of Indianapolis has been residing "en garcon" in a furnished house formerly occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Theodore Coleman in Spadina avenue for the past two months, and during that time has been a welcome member of a social set on the West Side. Previous to his departure for the States this month, Dr. Van Hummell gave a very pretty luncheon to some of the hostesses by whom he has been entertained. The pretty hospitality took place last Friday at one o'clock, and the luncheon party included about a dozen ladies, who very much enjoyed it. The table was done very daintily with pink roses, which the guests were gallantly asked to accept in great profusion after the luncheon.

Mr. Gordon Hellwell has gone to Atlantic City. Miss Daisy Gilles of Hamilton has been the guest of Mrs. Robert Myles. Miss Watson of Hamilton has been visiting Mrs. Cowan, D'Arcy street. Mrs. Bath has been in Hamilton on a visit to Mrs. Eardley Wilmer. Mrs. Bath is one of the most fascinating women possible, and has wrought great havoc among susceptible persons of both sexes, who admire her immensely. A very sweet manner is not the least of her many charms.

"To go or not to go" seems to be the adapted quotation most apt concerning the military men on the West Side. Rumors and orders and delays and

change have been rife for the past month. Major J. C. Macdougall is, I hear, to go very soon to Fredericton. Most thankful are the friends of Mrs. Macdougall to hear of her steady improvement in St. John's Hospital, and all trust soon to see her quite restored to health. I heard the other day that Col. and Mrs. Otter are taking a residence in Beverley street, and that neither Col. Buchan nor Col. Young will change quarters before some time in May. Another "on dit" is that Col. Lessard is to go to Quebec. The report which arrived from Ottawa (via Hamilton) that Judge MacMahon was to leave Toronto is another wild shot. Ottawa's loss that no one would believe anything of the sort, though such a move may be in the future, as all are aware.

Mrs. R. S. Williams and Miss Ethel Goderich are in town for a month's visit, and are at present with Mrs. Musgrave, Mrs. Williams' sister, at 66 Isabella street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Totten have been settled for some time in Mr. Hamilton's spacious residence in Glen road. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton are, I believe, going abroad very soon. Mrs. and Miss Cawthra of Guiseley House in Grosvenor street. Mr. Bogart has been removed from Winnipeg to Toronto, and he and his young wife are welcomed back by very well pleased friends. Mrs. Prince of Spadina road has been quite a sufferer from her eyes, and has been under treatment, which has confined her to the house for some time. Mrs. Ritchie of Beverley street has also been a semi-invalid for some time, and is not yet quite well. Mr. Ritchie has been down in Pittsburgh on business. Mr. W. Claude Fox has returned from British Columbia, where he spent a month. Mrs. G. C. Patterson of Embro, who has been visiting friends in town, returned home on Friday last.

A new sort of appetiser is in vogue. Merely ask one of the returned heroes from South Africa to describe some arduous march and incidentally remark that he had only one biscuit a day for some two weeks or more at a time. The driers fall upon the next course with positively famished eagerness.

Lieut.-Colonel Delamere has resigned the command of the Q. O. R., and Major H. M. Pellatt has succeeded to the colonelcy. That he will bring all the energy and enthusiasm for which he is famed to the benefit of his crack corps is assured. The officers and men are glad to have him at their head. The retiring commander takes with him the best wishes and regards of the Queen's Own boys. He has been a popular officer and connected with the regiment for a very long time. Colonel Pellatt and Mrs. Pellatt are now in California.

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Mrs. Henry Pellatt of 349 Sherbourne street has sent out cards for an At Home on next Tuesday afternoon, at which friends will meet as guest of honor her bright young granddaughter, the bride of last year, Mrs. Stephen Leacock.

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In Buffalo, or a suburb of that city, and beginning next July, Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher, the celebrated originator of the Fletcher Music Method (Simplex and Kindergarten), will conduct classes for those desiring to become teachers. This very considerable disarrangement of her intentions for the summer vacation is made in compliance with the pressing request of various correspondents who desire to take the teachers' course, and also attend the Pan-American Exposition. With a view to lessening expenses, negotiations are now being opened for the proper and satisfactory boarding of members of the classes at moderate cost while for six weeks attending Miss Fletcher's course. For the sake of ready reference by Toronto and other Canadian applicants, in person or by correspondence, Miss Fletcher has again arranged with Mr. Edmund L. Roberts, secretary of the Metropol-

itan School of Music, Toronto, to represent her, and from him particulars as to the course, the requisite qualifications of candidates, etc., can be learned.

The marriage of Dr. T. Herbert Prust of Easton, Michigan, son of Mr. R. Prust of Blackstock, to Miss Vina Beleghem, eldest daughter of Mr. Daniel Beleghem, A.T.C.M., took place on Wednesday, March 27th, at the residence of the bride's father, Hunter street, Peterboro. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. G. Potter of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, assisted by the Rev. J. P. Wilson of George street Methodist Church, in the presence of only the immediate relatives of the bride and bridegroom. The bride was becomingly gowned in white organdie, trimmed with valenciennes lace, and carried a bouquet of crimson roses. She was given away by her father and was attended by her sister, Miss Laura Beleghem, who wore a costume of white organdie over pink, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The groomsmen was Mr. Morley Prust, brother of the bridegroom. After the ceremony a dejeuner was served, and later in the afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Prust left on the C. P. R. for their future home in Michigan.

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Oh! These Horrid Men.



Mrs. Stilor Nuthin—My dear, what is your idea of a happy man?
Mr. Nuthin—He's a fellow who can make more money than his wife can spend.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Kingsley's
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Shoes & Oxfords
for Easter.



If you are at all particular about your shoes try a pair of "Kingsley" & Co.'s Special \$3.00 Shoes. They are the less comfortable because they are stylish and desirable because they are reasonable in price. They combine the latest ideas in Shoes for Spring of 1901.

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TORONTO

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A True Pigeon Story.

A gentleman had two pairs of pigeons living in dovecots placed side by side. In each pigeon family there was a father and a mother bird and two little ones. On a certain day the parents in one dovecot went away to get food, and while they were gone one of their little birds fell out of the dovecot and down to the ground. The poor baby bird was not much hurt, strange to say, but it could not get back, for it was too young to fly.

Now, the parents in the other dovecot were at home when this happened, and it seemed as if they said to themselves: "One of our babies might fall out in just that way. We must do something to make the dovecot safer." And then this wise, careful father and mother went to work. They flew about until they found some small sticks. These they carried to their own dovecot, and there in the doorway they built a cunning little fence

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That is all you require to know about a Glove. They are made for women and men. Demand them from your dealer.



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Ladies who do not wish to become old fashion should take notice in deserting the old fashioned Pompadour.

Ladies and children's hair trimmed, singed and shampooed.

Our special Hair and Scalp Treatment after fevers, illness or general falling out of the hair, superseedes all other treatment.

Our special Magic Treatment for removing Wrinkles, and promoting the circulation of the blood are the most effective and beneficial treatments of to-day. Appointment made Tel. 2128.

Ladies' and Children's Manicure, 50c. Gentlemen's Manicure, 75c. Parlor open from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m.

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When we deliver an order we render full value for our charges and also satisfaction. The "satisfaction" is thrown in, as it were, just to gratify you and retain your patronage. Large and small orders are given the same consideration. We have only one way of doing business, and that is why every customer gets "satisfaction."

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we have beyond question the finest plant in Canada. Our right way of doing things—our skilled workmen and prompt attention—will render you satisfaction. Our charges are very reasonable. Our work has not yet been equalled.

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For the Bath...

Whether the morning bath is a luxury or not depends greatly on the accessories used therein. The daily use of a bath brush in a bath of Sea Salt, followed by a rub down with a flesh glove or towel, refreshes and invigorates the entire system during the day.

Our bath luxuries include—

Sponges **Bath Brushes**
Flesh Gloves **Bath Towels**

Hooper's genuine Sea Salt (obtained from mid-ocean) is the best for bathing purposes.

"P
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G
Y"

A Tale of the Old Tolbooth.

For SATURDAY NIGHT

BY

R. B. FORSYTHE.



“S

IC a blatherskite as ma Jim is gettin’ to be,” sighed Mistress Bell, as she fired her bannocks afresh. “He and Mal- kink (Malcom) Ross ha’ been clatterin’ thegither like bubblyjocks the last ‘oor wi’ na sign ava o’ let up. There’s summatt aboon the ordinair’ gaein’ on, I ken.”

“If that isn’t all the world like a man,” she continued impatiently. “I gaed out a let to speir whether Malkin wad take haddock wi’ us the day, but na, na, he couldna think o’ that. He maun be richt awa’, he said, for he tellt Mistress Ross he wad gang hame to sup, but losh me he might ha’ had his meal twice ower.”

“Jeems, Jeems Bell,” she cried, as she thrust her head out of the door. “The tea’s been wechtin’ this ‘oor awaist. Dinna dauder ony mair, gude man, but come richt awa’, and no keep Malster Ross frae his tea ony longer.”

By past experience James knew that the “dinna” admitted of no delay. So with a sigh at the thought of having to curtail what gave promise of being a fruitful gossip, he bade his friend good-night, and went his way into the house.

“Why dinna ye send the doited rule about his business?” exclaimed the irate wife. “Ye’ll mend when ye grow better, gude man.” As she recovered her good humor, she added: “I chance ye dinna hear aught frae Meestress Elspeth. It maun be a twal-month since I heerd o’ her.”

“Ay, gude wife, I heerd sorry news o’ her. Malkin Ross was a tellin’ me as she had been taen to Edinboro to stand her trial. He was in Leith when she lanfit.”

“Her trial, man, I dinna understand ye ava.”

“Ou, ay, she has been taen to Edinboro to stand her trial for murder.”

“Whausome murder?” asked his wife breathlessly.

“The murder o’ her husband, Lord Stirling. ‘Tis a poor showin’ she’ll mak’ I fear at the trial what comes on the day week.”

“But, Jeems, ye dinna think she murdered her man. Ma patience, man, as if either o’ us thrae a’ or bickarins’ wad ever think o’ sic a thing.” “I can anely answer for myself, Peg,” the husband replied, with a sly wink at his wife as he cleaned his pipe preparatory to the evening smoke. “I has doots aff ye.”

(Dryly). “Ye may ha’ summatt mair’ns doots, gude man”—he parrid a thrust of the rolling-pin—“I winna ha’ ye garrin’ sic remarks aboot Lady Stirling, my late Meestress Elspeth that was am gude faith if a’ the parjurie in Christendom should pronounce her guilty. I wad no sae muckle as allow sic a thocht to enter ina head. I was stakane ma last bawbee on her innocence, and gie ma last breath to free her frae the accursed duncion.”

Grime silence fell upon the pair—a silence broken only by an occasional “Weel! Weel!” of Peggy’s, as she sat musing over the strange news she just had heard. If her thoughts were not spoken, they were none the less potent. The flow of thought was as the impetuous coursing of some underground stream which bursts triumphantly forth at some unlooked for point. Incredible, impossible, that the baby whom she had tended, the mistress whom she had served and served, ay adorned, should be arraigned for murder like a common highwayman!

At length she shook herself and said as she straightened her mutch: “It’s a’nae acht by the clock, Jim. I maun gang to bed noo, for I think o’ myin’ sister Leebie—her as lives in Edinboro—a weesit the day after the morrow—sae we maist be up betimes morrow morn.”

Danger, disaster, death, she had read in the smouldering embers of the fire, to one whom she loved better than life itself, even the Lady Stirling. She must go to Edinboro.

Answers a Question.

Mrs. Rorer’s Reply in “Ladies’ Home Journal.”

I consider coffee as it is usually made in the American family—strong and from the pure bean—an injurious drink, especially for nervous people.

No doubt the student to whom you refer can study better after taking a cup of coffee, but the new energy is caused by a stimulant, the effects of which will soon wear off, leaving him lower in nervous force.

That is the reason he has headaches and feels so miserable when he is without coffee. If it is only the hot drink he requires, why not take a cup of clear hot water or a cup of Cereal Coffee?

Mrs. Rorer is one of the most eminent authorities on food in America. She knows that Americans go on day by day using food and drink that sap their vitality instead of building it up, and it requires argument oft repeated to wake them up. Broken wrecks of humanity stumbling along, unable to carry out their cherished plans, are all about us, and their physical weakness is nearly always due to improper food and drink. Coffee is a skilled destroyer of nervous strength. Postum Food Coffee is a delicious food drink made from selected parts of cereals that yield the elements Nature demands for rebuilding the nerve tissue all over the human body.

If it has ever been served to you in a weak, unpalatable drink, have it made over again, and use two spoons to each cup, and know that the actual boiling continues full 15 minutes. Our word for it, the Postum Coffee is delicious when properly made.

er chose.) The nicht’s ay cauld, and my tooth ower tender.” A long cloak, after the pattern of a Mother Hubbard, enveloped her.

“I wudna wunner,” she remarked, as they rapidly covered the few steps between their home and the prison, “I wudna wunner that we may ha’ a bit bluster o’ slaw afore morn.” So they passed into the prison. Had John been more wide awake he must have noticed that Peggy’s tooth seemed to bother her only when the other keepers were near, for then she would draw the shawl more closely around her face.

“I shall call for ye in half a nowt,” the Guidman said, as they separated.

Lady Sterling was gazing absently out of the window. As Peggy entered, she turned and exclaimed in glad surprise: “Is it you, Peggy?” Then, “You have been very good to me. I had almost given up hopes of seeing you again.”

“I thocht ye might like to bid me God-speed at ony rate. I had some business to transact wi’ ye furtho.”

“I daurna, John Guidman, I daurna. It wad anely be bringin’ reproach on my gray hairs should anything happen. Onyway what wad Jim dae?”

Peggy, however, allowed herself to be persuaded into going. It was not good policy to seem too anxious to accept the position. She found Lady Sterling in a high fever—acute fever it was called then—tossing wildly in delirium.

“They say I killed you, John. Ha, ha!” her wild, demoniac laughter rang out. “What stupid jades they are to imagine such a thing!” (Lower) It is better Ralph, brother Ralph, that they should never know. My brother a murderer—heavens!” she fell back gasping, while the drops of perspiration started out beadlike on her forehead, her face blanched to the pallid immobility of death.

Peggy glanced at the dial with apprehension. Time was passing, and little was being accomplished.

“Why, Peggy, you are unreasonable I could not leave this prison if I would.”

The Guidman will be here in twanty meenits,” Peggy replied; “I maun lose na time,” so she proceeded to divest herself of her outer clothes.

“You mean,” faltered Lady Sterling, “you mean that I am to impersonate you? I shall surely be detected, and you, my old nurse, will be punished with me.”

“For Ralph’s sake,” Peggy replied. She saw by the expression on Lady Sterling’s face that she thought unlenghly. The exchange of clothes was soon effected, and during the time that must elapse before the arrival of the Guidman, Peggy instructed her mistress how she should act.

“Naw,” critically, “ye maun walk a bit stoopit. Ay, that’s better. Keep yer calash weel ower yer face, and groan, groan so the dell himself could na hear his ears. Wheen ye bid adoo to the lock-up ye maun gang up the Lawnmarket to Church street. At the corner a coach and pair will be waitin’, wha will say: ‘How are ye the day, Granny? Ma-mistress tak’ ye is a waitin; come at once.’ He will tak’ ye to freends whaur he may’ jock (hide) an’ let the jaw (wave) gang by.”

As the key grated in the lock, announcing the return of the keeper, Peggy, for the double purpose of concealing her identity and acting out the character she had assumed, flung herself on a pallet, buried her face in her hands, and moaned distressingly. It was well for the success of the plan that the keeper did not bethink him to offer his sympathies. The Guidman accompanied his charge to the inner door, then he resumed his rounds.

The inner turnkey, as if suspicious that all was not as it should be, gave her a hearty whack on the back as she passed out, and said: “Out o’ this, ye devlin’ auld Jezebel. Dinna show yer crookit beakle here agen!”

“Turn your hand,” he cried, nevertheless, and the outer door opened, never to close on her again.

The Guidman, on his morning rounds, called to inform his prisoner that she must hold herself in readiness to appear at any moment. Instead of the pallid, listless face of the prisoner, the cheerful countenance of Mistress Peggy, toothache and flannels alike gone, met his astonished gaze. “I ween the storm ha’ blown ower,” she remarked, with a mischievous twinkle in her gray eyes.

“Ye better gang wi’ it if ye wishes to be safe,” he remarked, half-pleased, half-annoyed at the outcome. Peggy went.

The following evening Mr. Greeley reached the office in no amiable mood, and lost little time in tramping up the iron staircase to the composing rooms on the floor above. Here he encountered “Sam,” the night foreman (quite a character in his way, with his constantly used catch-words, “matter-of-course,” “matter-of-course”), and the avar was soon blue with the chief’s imprecations on the luckless typo, the proof-readers, the foreman, and indeed, the entire force typographical. As soon as it became possible to make one’s self heard above this verbal tempest Mr. Greeley was informed of the circumstances, and that it was not really the fault of the old man, who had done the best he could, but that the

How Catarrh Can Be Cured.

Now, see here a minute, my friend, you ought to know that you can’t cure Catarrh of the Nose and Throat by swallowing Tablets, Blood Purifiers, and things of this sort. The stuff you swallow goes into your stomach, and the trouble is not there at all. To cure any disease you must bring the right remedy under the right conditions, right in contact with the disease; in other words, you must reach it. That is just why Japanese Catarrh Cure is so successful in treating and curing Catarrh. You apply it to the nostrils, and by the very act of breathing it spreads itself over the entire membrane, where all the trouble is. It immediately kills the Catarrhal germ, heals and soothes the irritated membrane, and completely removes every trace of Catarrh. The dropping in your throat and pains in the head all stop. The throat no longer has that fulness in the morning, the desire to hawk and spit ceases.

Mr. J. Sloan, 78 McGill street, Toronto, has had considerable experience during seven years with the hundred and one catarrh remedies the market.

Here is what he says: “For seven years I have been troubled with catarrh, which finally affected my throat. I had doctored with some Toronto doctors, used tablets, powders, and everything I saw advertised, some of which relieved me at the time, but was worse after I stopped using them. About a year ago I procured a sample of Japanese Catarrh Cure, and even this small sample did me more good than anything I had yet tried. I used in all about two and a half boxes during two months, which have completely cured me. It certainly does all claimed for it, which I cannot say of scores of other remedies tried.”

Japanese Catarrh Cure is without a rival. It is the only permanent cure for catarrh. Thousands of people tell us so. Sold by all druggists, 50 cents. Trial size, 10 cents, by mail, postage paid, from The Griffiths and Macpherson Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

Horace Greeley and the Compositor.

The “Bookman,” in its Reminiscences of Horace Greeley, tells the following: Much has been written concerning the illegibility of Mr. Greeley’s handwriting, and many tales, more or less apocryphal, are told regarding the cause of his poor penmanship. As a matter of fact, there have been worse penmen than the editor of the “Tribune” (Rufus Choate, for example), but not many; still, with patience his average hieroglyphics could nearly always be deciphered.

In setting his “copy” in the “ Tribune” office, of course great care was taken, it being confided generally only to certain typesetting experts. One night a few lines of it fell, unfortunately, into the hands of a rank outsider, with ludicrous results. The “outsider” in question was a poor old tyro, whose days of usefulness had passed long since, but who managed to subsist on a few dollars earned weekly by “subbing” (that is, acting as a substitute) for other printers, who from one cause or another (generally laziness and a desire to “spend”) took a night off. On this occasion the old man was doing his level best, or worst, at somebody’s case, when he happened to get hold of “a take” of one of Mr. Greeley’s editorials, and proceeded to set it in type. As he set it the bit of “copy” made sense, but it was not the meaning that Mr. Greeley intended to convey. As it was not utter nonsense, it passed the proof-readers, and (as the writer happened to be out of town) it got into the paper.

LaGriffe naturally attacks the weakest organ and leaves it still weaker.

Not only pneumonia, consumption, bronchitis, and throat trouble follow the grip, but kidney, liver, and stomach are troubles just as liable to result, provided any of these organs should happen to be in a weak condition at the time of attack.

To get rid of the grip germ, to get it entirely out of the system and blood, few remedies are so good, and none safer than Stuart’s Catarrh Tablets; they are not a compound of powerful and dangerous drugs, but a pleasant, palatable, convenient remedy in tablet form, composed of the wholesome antiseptic principles of Eucalyptus bark, blood root, and similar germicide remedies which are perfectly wholesome and harmless to the system, but death to the germs of grip, catarrh, consumption, and diseases of the throat and air passages.

Mr. Chas. Gormley of Memphis says: “Last winter an attack of the grip left me with weak back, a persistent cough, and loss of flesh and appetite, and after using various remedies for several months with little or no improvement I finally bought a 50 cent package of Stuart’s Catarrh Tablets at my drug store, and as they were pleasant and convenient to take I used them at all times of day or night and I was astonished to secure such fine results from so pleasant and convenient a medicine. In two weeks my cough disappeared, my appetite returned, I improved in flesh and color, and no one would now think that I had ever had such a thing as the grip.”

My druggist told me he sold more of Stuart’s Catarrh Tablets, for the cure of grip, colds, and catarrh, than any other similar medicines.

Mr. Meddergrass—Hi Slocum and Bill Hocorn ain’t speakin’ now. Mrs. Meddergrass—Do tell! What’s up? Mr. Meddergrass—Hi claims his th’moner averages ten degrees lower’n Bill’s in winter an’ fifteen degrees higher in summer—Baltimore “American.”

Awe-struck Visitor—it must be very difficult to produce such an exquisite work of art. Dealer—Nonsense. Almost anybody can paint a picture, but finding a victim to fit it after it is painted is where the art comes in—Tit-Bits.”

“I do not see,” said Prince Ching, “where you and I will get any fame out of this.” “Tut, tut,” replied Li Hung Chang, “wait until the historical novelists take up the subject.” Baltimore “American.”

Miss De Style—Oh, I’ve just planned the sweetest Easter bonnet. It’s to be—Mrs. De Style (reprovingly)—Ple! I should think during Lent, at least, you would refrain from dwelling upon earthly things. Miss De Style—Earthly! My gracious, mamma, this bonnet will be perfectly heavenly!

Philadelphia “Press.”

blame should rest rather on the assistant foreman, whose carelessness was the cause of the veteran’s getting the “copy” from the “hook.” As the argument appealed to Mr. Greeley’s intelligence (he knew the culprit by sight), he suddenly realized that, in giving way to his passion, he was making a spectacle of himself—in fact, enabling the printers (who had all stopped work) to enjoy a high-class “circus”—he called out in his squeaky treble: “Won’t somebody please kick me downstairs?” and shuffled out of the room.

A Newspaper “Veracity Club.”

Advertising to a paragraph in the San Francisco “Examiner” concerning the organization of a “Veracity Club” among the students of the University of California, the “Argonaut” suggests that it would take in a broader field and find material infinitely more rich in promise among the newspaper workers than among the college students. Why not found a “veracity club” made up entirely of newspaper men? The idea would be so novel—not only the idea of a veracity club, but the idea of veracity as applied to the newspaper business—that it would meet with universal favor among newspaper readers; as to the newspaper men, we are not so certain. However, the experiment is well worth trying.

There are many ideas that would naturally occur to the members of the Veracity Club concerning its decoration.

There should be paintings and busts of famous veracious persons of former times, such as Baron Munck, Marco Polo, Sir John Mandeville, Mr. Ananias and Mrs. Sapphira. True, their efforts were crude, yet for their age and generation they did very well. But in these days of telephones, telegraphs and grape-vine cables, their work beside that of the Newspaper Veracity Club would seem but poor, cold, bald, unadorned veracity.

A Spanking Collection.

Here’s a sandal that belonged to Caesar’s mother. And a slipper from the ma of Bonaparte:

This red birch, believe me, is none other than caused the Kaiser’s childish tears to start.

This ferule whacked the Father of His Country.

Lord Nelson felt the frown of this strap.

This cane, here shown, ‘tis said, had the effect of a “knock-out.”

On Willie Shakespeare’s frame to lightly tap.

Then down with the legends and myths of the past.

From Balmung to Aphrodite.

We’re getting to cold realism at last.

These dusted the Seats of the Mighty!

Then down with the legends and myths of the past.

From Balmung to Aphrodite.

We’re getting to cold realism at last.

These dusted the Seats of the Mighty!

After Effects of Grip

Are Often More Serious Than the Grip Itself.

Physicians and grip sufferers alike are agreed that the after effects of the disease are more to be feared than the acute attack; you can never be sure that the disease has left the system completely.

LaGriffe naturally attacks the weakest organ and leaves it still weaker.

Not only pneumonia, consumption, bronchitis, and throat trouble follow the grip, but kidney, liver, and stomach are troubles just as liable to result, provided any of these organs should happen to be in a weak condition at the time of attack.



"WHAT WE HAVE
WE'LL HOLD."

Baby when he has once been treated to a bath with "BABY'S OWN SOAP" —wants no other—because he knows no other makes him feel so nice.

Many imitations of Baby's Own Soap, look like it, but baby feels the difference.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs.
Montreal.

71

Curious Bits of News.

During the last century nine presidents, two emperors, one king, two princes, two sultans, and one, emperor perished by the hands of assassins.

Ex-President Kruger is, perhaps, the only living white man who has throughout his career made a regular practice of habitually consulting fortune-tellers, and being guided by their prognostications. This he did up till the very day he quitted the Transvaal, and the predictions—which were, of course, all favorable to his arms—retaliated at second-hand to his superstitious burghers, must be credited with no small share in prolonging the war.

While people are talking about the census, ask your friends which they think the most thickly populated country. They are not likely to guess. The answer is—Egypt, which has a population of 4,461 people to the square mile. Belgium makes a good second, with 360 to the square mile. Great Britain has only a little over 200; and is followed by Japan, with 184; and Italy, with 160. Germany has 152 people to every square mile; and Austria, 136; and France, 120. In the United States there are only sixteen people to every square mile of surface; while Russia has only nine. We need not, therefore, worry just yet about the world being overcrowded.

The Countess Bozena Chlopowska is a title which, to the average man in the street, is reminiscent of no one in particular. Yet it is borne by no less a personage than Madame Modjeska, the famous actress. At the age of fifteen a gipsy woman, whom she encountered accidentally outside the Ring Theatre, in Vienna, foretold to her that she would one day wear a coronet; but when, two years later, she married her guardian, M. Modjeska, both bride and bridegroom laughed the prophecy to scorn. Nevertheless, it came true: for, after four years of wedded life, Madame Modjeska was left a widow, and three years afterwards she became the wife of Count Bozena Chlopowska, patriot and journalist.

Penny-in-the-slot insurance is the newest of new ideas. It has been introduced by a French insurance company, and the machines are shortly to be placed at all railway stations. If you are going on a journey, you will only have to drop a ten-centime piece (equal to one penny), and you will receive a ticket, which insures you for an amount equal to \$2,000 for one day. The machines are also to be placed on pleasure steamers. These will, however, be made differently. The machines will give two tickets instead of one, and on both the name and address of the purchaser must be given. One ticket will be retained, while the other will be placed in the machine again. Should the vessel sink, the machine will float, and the various claims be recognized should it be washed ashore or picked up.

Sprinkle, Sprinkle, Little Cart.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, water-cart!
How wonder what thou art!
Never can I find you night
When the dust is deep and dry.

Then the clouded sun is set
And the streets with rain are wet;
Then you come with little light,
Sprinkling, sprinkling, left and right.

And when bright my boots are
"Shined."

Hands in costly kids confined,
Rattling down the soileden street;

How you soak my hands and feet!

Some day when this deed you've done,
I will arm my trusty gun and
Then we'll wonder where thou art,
Buckshot-sprinkled water-cart!

The Coronation Stone.

THE object connected with British Monarchy which is beyond all price is not the Crown, the Sceptre, or the Koh-i-noor, but the venerable piece of rock for which King Edward I. had a comparatively modern stand made, in the form of a chair. This is the second Coronation stone, believed for many centuries to have been the pillow on which Jacob slept at Bethel. It first travelled to Egypt, then with a daughter and son-in-law of Pharaoh to Spain; it was next taken to Ireland, where it became the seat for Irish Kings; then to Scotland, where for the first time it was encased in a chair of wood which became the throne of Scottish Kings. Our Edward I. fixed his heart upon this precious treasure; and, securing it, he had himself crowned King of the Scots, seated thereon. Having had it conveyed to Westminster Abbey, he gave orders for a fresh chair to be made, to hold it; and that chair may be seen to this day. In this chair, and on this stone, every English sovereign from Edward I. to Queen Victoria has been crowned. Of course, the Scots were in sore dismay at the loss of such a priceless

American Brains.

American brain workers have for some years past been largely using an especially prepared food for rebuilding the gray matter of brain and nerve centers. Any man or woman who cares to make a test by using this food, Grape-Nuts, for a portion of one or two meals each day, will find a distinct increase in vigor, and particularly in brain power.

Then if they feel disposed to know the reason why, they can have Grape-Nuts analyzed, or take the analysis of the London Lancet and the result will show that the food contains the natural phosphate of potash obtained in a natural way from the cereals, and albumen obtained in the same way.

These two elements unite together in the human body to make and reinforce the gray matter of which the brain, solar plexus and nerve centers are filled.

These are scientific facts which can be ascertained by any careful investigator. The food, Grape-Nuts, is not only the most scientifically made food in the world, but almost any user will agree with us that the flavor is unique and most winning.

Rural Rivalry.



Willie Rich—Say, Sammie, my father's home was built on a ar-cheet's plan.
Sammie Poor—Aw, dat's nawthin'; my dad's home was built on de instalment plan."

object, and they strove hard to re-serve it by treaty; but the English people regarded it with equal veneration, and would not hear of its being restored. When James I. of England was crowned upon it, as King of Scots, he had come to his own—in fulfillment of a prophecy once alleged to have been inscribed upon the stone, that where it went, Scottish supremacy should follow.

Only once has the Coronation chair with the stone been removed from the Abbey. It was taken to Westminster Hall for Oliver Cromwell's benefit when he was installed as Lord Protector. At the coronation of William and Mary, as they were joint sovereigns, a second chair of state had to be provided; and this has since been used by the Queen's Consort. Nowadays, these historical pieces of furniture are valued as they should be and protected after a fashion; but they have been shamefully treated in times gone by, owing to the apathy and neglect of men who should have better guarded the Abbey and its contents from mischievous and irreverent visitors.

A Mania of the Times

PEAKING of the insane hurry that is one of the manias of modern life, a San Francisco paper tells a couple of very dramatic stories.

The steamer "Alameda" arrived off San Francisco harbor Saturday, February 27. A heavy fox-bank hung over the Heads. The passengers had made the usual passengers' plans for landing at twelve minutes to six o'clock, passing the customs at nine minutes past six, and dining at twenty-five minutes to seven. They grew dissatisfied when the ship slowed down to quarter-speed, with a quartermaster heaving the lead-line at regular intervals. As the afternoon wore away the passengers' scorn almost reached the point of mutiny. Black looks greeted the captain as that hapless official stood upon the bridge striving to pierce the dismal curtain of fog with straining eyes. Not a passenger aboard but knew better than Captain Harriman how to take the ship in. Night had fallen before a pilot was picked up, and by that time the passengers were ripe for a revolution. But when the pilot came over the side he handed a daily paper to the first officer, and in a few seconds the news spread over the ship that the day before the steamer "Rio de Janeiro" had tried to make her way in at full speed through the fog and was lying, full of corpses, at the bottom of the bay. All who have traveled at sea know how volatile passengers are. In a few moments they were as shame-stricken as they had previously been mutinous. A meeting was held in the cabin. The captain was escorted thither, and through their spokesman the passengers confessed to him their error in judgment, and begged his pardon. On the same day, coming into Sacramento, a train was held on the railway bridge for a few minutes by a misplaced switch. The usual hurry-fever broke out among the passengers. They wanted to get to the station. They could not wait for the train. So four of them bribed a poor negro to open the vestibule door and let them out on to the bridge. The first one, John C. Bonner, stepped from the car, stepped from the bridge, stepped into eternity. For his terrified companions heard a splash and a scream as he plunged down through the bridge timbers and shot rapidly away on the yellow waters of the flood-swollen Sacramento. His death was the more terrible, as he was a strong swimmer and he struggled long. But he soon disappeared, sucked down by one of the many eddies of the treacherous stream. How remarkable seems this feverish, restless hurry on the part of sensible men.

And when bright my boots are
"Shined."

Hands in costly kids confined,
Rattling down the soileden street;

How you soak my hands and feet!

Some day when this deed you've done,
I will arm my trusty gun and
Then we'll wonder where thou art,
Buckshot-sprinkled water-cart!

Books and Their Makers.

THOMAS HARDY, the novelist, is quoted by the "Pall Mall Magazine" as saying that he has no sympathy with the criticism which would treat English as a dead language—"a thing crystallized at an arbitrarily selected stage of its existence and hidden to forget that it has a past and deny that it has a future." "Purism," he added, "whether in grammar or vocabulary, almost always means ignorance. Language was made before grammar, not grammar before language. And as for the people who make it their business to insist on the utmost possible impoverishment of our English vocabulary, they seem to me to ignore the lessons of history, science and common sense."

And now Mr. Laurence Housman explicitly denies that he wrote an Englishwoman's Love Letters. Nobody who knows his work could believe that he had a hand in them. There are intimations, by the way, that these letters have had their little day and are on the way to oblivion.

Mr. Ralph Connor, author of "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot," is described by the "Saturday Evening Post" as a hard-working pastor in Winnipeg who has a personality as unique as it is little known. Among his most marked traits are indifference to fame, sympathy with Nature and a lack of a sense of time. When he began his present pastorate his parishioners were repeatedly astonished when he failed to appear at the hour designated for special gatherings. More than once the governing body of church dignitaries was obliged to adjourn without transacting the business of the hour because the brilliant young pastor had become so wrapped in dreams that he had continued his stroll or his canter forgetful of the special meeting and of all else save the wild charm of the rugged scenery and the abstract speculations of the novelist. Gentle hints and remonstrances from the pillars of the church completely failed to reform the minister and bring him to a realization that time is the essence of earthly appointments. At last, however, a shrewd parishioner devised a makeshift which has succeeded admirably. He suggested that all appointments be named to the minister as being for a time thirty minutes in advance of the hour actually fixed for the gathering. Under this arrangement the shepherd generally has time to forget the appointment, remember it, and then enter his appearance before the final moment

LUDELLA

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is everything you would expect to find in a tea for refined and gentle folk.

Refreshing, Refined, Pungent and Popular.

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arrives on which he is to appear before his flock. He is devotedly loved by his people, and particularly by the rough men of the ranches and the mines. These find themselves instantly in touch with the "sky pilot" and are his chosen companions. Mr. Connor is a dashing rider and finds his main recreation in the saddle.

John Morley is getting on reasonably well with the Gladstone biography, but some time must elapse before even the date of publication can be settled.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet, has written a novel which he calls "The Sport of the Gods. It deals, of course, with his own race.

The Queen's Indian Servants.

The late Queen's Indian attendants, says "Truth," has been retired on pensions, and several of them have already returned to their native land. The departure of these Oriental menials from England will not be regretted by anyone about the Court, as they gave an enormous deal of trouble, and being regarded as privileged persons, they were excessively arrogant and insolent to the British domestics, most of whom both feared and detested them. They were a constant cause of worry, fuss and anxiety. The Queen's Munshi, Hafiz Abdul Karim, who has been a powerful personage at Court for the last fifteen years or so, is also going back to India with a pension. The Munshi and his wife had a charming cottage on the Frogmore demesne, and a house was built for them a few years ago in the Balmoral grounds. The Frogmore cottage is to be used for the accommodation of members of the suites and servants who cannot be lodged in the house itself during the residences of the King and Queen.

All Plain to Him.

"Here," said the foreman of the pressroom, leading his visitors into another department, "are the great presses. The matter is stereotyped in the form of curved plates, these are placed on the cylinders, and as they revolve they leave their impression on the paper that unrolls from that huge roll at the back of the press."

"I see now," remarked one of the visitors, a person of much sagacity, "what is meant when we read of an

item going the rounds of the press."—Chicago "Tribune."

Tips from the New Boarder.

When the new boarder went into the dining room and sat down there was only one other person at the table. The new boarder had a kind heart, and thought he would be affable.

"I s'pose you've boarded here for some time?" he said to the other man.

"Yes. Quite a while."

"How is it? Any good?"

"Yes, pretty good. I have no complaint to make."

"Landlady treat you decent?"

"Well, perhaps I ought to"—and then he hesitated.

"Oh, never mind, old man," said the new boarder. "That's all right. I'm on. But say, mebby you never tried chucking her under the chin once in a while. That's the way to get on with 'em. I never had a landlady that didn't treat me AI yet. It's all in the way you handle 'em. Call 'em 'sister' and give 'em soft, sweet, oozy talk about their looks. That's the way to fetch 'em. I'll bet I can live here for a month right now without bein' asked for a cent. Watch me nudge her when she comes in. Before this time tomorrow she'll be telling me her family history. Poor old girl! She tied up to some John Henry who was about man enough to show chickens out of the yard, and that's all. My name's Hudson. Let's see, I haven't heard yours, have I?"

"No—no, I believe not. But it doesn't matter. I'm just the landlady's husband."—Chicago "Times-Herald."

Visitor (viewing the new baby)—He's the very image of his father. Proud Mother—Yes; and he acts just like him, too. Visitor—Is it possible? Proud Mother—Yes; he keeps me up nearly every night.

"My dear child, you should not eat your pudding so quickly." "Why not, mamma?" "Because it is dangerous. I once knew a little boy about your age who ate his pudding so quickly that he died before he finished it." "What did they do with the rest of his pudding, mamma?"

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Our Book on Form and Bust Development in plain sealed envelope to any lady writing for it and enclosing three 2 cent stamps for postage. The Madame Thora French System of Bust Development is a simple home treatment and is guaranteed to increase the bust six inches. Letters all answered by ladies and strictly confidential. Our book is beautifully illustrated with photos from life showing figure before and after using the Corsine System.

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TO PRESERVE YOUR HAIR

Nourish, strengthen, restore it, prevent Scurf and Grayness, and provide the natural stimulant so necessary for nourishing the roots, nothing equals

Rowland's Macassar Oil

It is unsurpassed for Children's Hair, as it forms the basis of a luxuriant growth. GOLDEN MACASSAR OIL for fair or gray hair does not stain or darken the hair or linen. Sold by stores, chemists, hairdressers and

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CARLING'S ALE

is good ale. It is brewed from the very finest materials, is bottled only by the company's employees, and every bottle is guaranteed pure, sound and thoroughly matured. Brewed in London, Canada, for sixty years.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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NO. 21.



Drama

Foxy Quiller, notwithstanding its lack of anything approaching freshness, is certainly a delightful comic opera and fully merits the putting that has preceded it. It is the most sumptuously mounted and the most picturesque entertainment of its kind given in Toronto this season. The gorgeous costumes, beautiful scenery, and rich atmosphere of the piece are perfectly captivating, and it is no wonder the Syndicate has boomed it for all it is worth, for it is just such a show as suits the popular taste down to the ground. Jerome Sykes is as unctuous and droll as ever. He and little Adolph Zink, the wee German comedian, captivate all hearts and divide the honours between them everywhere they go. Miss Helen Bertram, the leading woman of the company, is very shapely and attractive, and sings better than most comic opera prima donnas. Taken all in all, this week's attraction at the Grand must be regarded as one of the most enjoyable shows of the season. One point that should not be overlooked is that it is successful without once appealing to the salaciously inclined. There is not an improper, nor even a suggestive, song, line, or gesture in it from beginning to end.

High praise must also be accorded to the week's programme at Shea's vaudeville theater. It is one of the most varied and delightful. Mr. Shea has presented in many moods. Corinne, the famous danseuse and songstress, is a very drawing number. O'Brien and Havel proved to be a clever team, the latter being one of the best stage newsboys imaginable and doing some queer acrobatic tricks, the very recollection of which makes one laugh. Stelling and Revell, in their grotesque clown act on the horizontal bars, were another funny team. John and Bertha Gleeson's dancing turn was pretty and refined; their singing, however, was poor. Johnnie Carroll sang some side-splitting Irish songs. Especially good was one about a wealthy Irish contractor, who had risen from a corporal laborer, and to whose funeral a friend sent a floral anchor much to the chagrin of the widow, who regarded it as a pick-axe and an insulting reference to her husband's humble beginnings. Brandon, Hurst and Co.'s farce On a String was slightly too farcical to be thoroughly enjoyed, and Bert Marshall's Street Urchin Quartette rather overdid their turn, which should have been "cut out" about the middle. In this connection, isn't it true that The Holy City has been sung a little too often, and should be given a rest?

Harlon's Superba, which was at the Toronto this week, is so familiar to everyone that one marvels at its having any drawing powers left.

At the Princess, the Valentine Stock Company have been playing this week another play by Hal Reid, who wrote In the Devil's Web, which has already been criticized in this column. The new play is called At the Little Red School House, and is a melodrama described on the programme as "the story of an honest love." A Carolina convict camp is the scene of a large part of the action. The piece was satisfactorily mounted and played. Mr. Reid, the author, being received with especial favor in the leading role.

The benefit to "Jack" Webster at the Princess on Wednesday afternoon brought forth a large audience, and a programme of great merit and variety. All the visiting companies were represented. Mr. Webster ought to feel proud of so striking a testimonial to his manly and popular qualities by not only the public but his fellow professionals as well.

At Shea's next week Mrs. Louis W. Gay, a mezzo-soprano from Buffalo, said to be a singer of exceptional talent, will make her debut. Sam Lockhart's "three graces," wonderful trained elephants, will again be seen in their marvellous act, and the other features of the bill will be Idalene Cotton and Nick Long, Willis P. Sweatnam, the Juggling Johnsons, Fisher and Carroll, Max Cincinnati, the Whiting Sisters, and the Cineograph.

Mr. Hawley Franck, the author of the one-act piece The Mystery of a Gladstone Bag, who is now playing at the Court Theater, London, in Sweet Prue, met with an amusing little experience when he was playing at the East-end for a charity. The performance was held in a schoolroom, but as there was no accommodation for dressing, the "actors" made up at the vicarage, having to pass through the church adjoining in order to reach the small stage. Mr. Franck was playing a burglar. As he quietly hurried through the church from the vicar's house to the schoolroom, in time for his cue, an old verger caught sight of him and gave chase. The actor could not resist the temptation of dodging behind the pews, and the faster he ran the faster his pursuer followed. Allowing himself to be caught at last, Mr. Franck perceived at once that he was recognized, but the contemptuous way in which the verger exclaimed, "Why, you're only one of them play-hactors!" seemed to imply that a real burglar held a much higher place in his estimation.

In Roland Reed. America has lost a gifted and refined

comedian who could ill be spared. Nowhere was his death more deeply deplored by theater goers than here in Toronto, where he and Isadore Rush have played together many, many times in their most charming pieces. The New York "Tribune" well describes him as a "delineator of eccentric character of a contemporary type—such as, the brisk and bustling commercial traveller, the pertinacious book agent, or the loquacious and complacent politician. He was a copyist of common life, gathering peculiar traits from different kinds of people and combining them into typical images, with the purpose to amuse a miscellaneous audience. His acting was marked by abundant animal spirits, facile execution and the drollery of a humorist."

Now that Uncle Tom's Cabin has been revived with great success in New York, and has got a new lease of life, hundreds of theater goers who have thrived to the baying of the blood-hounds or wept with Tom at the deathbed of Little Eva, are looking forward with more than ordinary pleasure to the production of Mrs. Stowe's picturesque drama of slavery days at the Princess next week. I predict big business for the Valentines in their "nervy" venture.

John Hare's engagement at the Grand next week ought to prove one of the most delightful treats of the whole season. The great English comedian, it is said, is fully determined to retire from the stage after this year. He

will be put in first-class shape. The club has its complement of members, and there are a number of names on the waiting list. David Ritchie, the pro., has been re-engaged for the year, and will shortly be on deck to begin the season's work.

The Toronto Club also re-elected its last year's officers: President and captain, W. G. P. Cassels; secretary, Stewart Gordon. The club has made, and is still making, great improvements in the links. The last nine holes have been lengthened 300 yards. The second ambrose has been done away with, and a new hole instituted before the punch bowl. The play after the tenth goes south again, and then back to the punch bowl. Water works have been put in and the fair and putting greens will be in such shape as they have never been before. The putting greens have also been specially seeded. The links at the lower club will be in shape much before that of Rosedale, as the ground is high and sandy. The entrance fee has been increased to \$25. Cumming, the pro., will, of course, have charge of the course.

The ladies of the Rosedale Club elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Walter Beardmore; secretary, Miss E. R. Boutton; captain, Miss Emily Moss. The fees for 1901 have been increased slightly. A separate course for the ladies has been talked about, and though this would be a good move, it looks impracticable as yet.

The Hamilton ladies have elected the following officers: President, Mrs. J. S. Hendrie; vice-president, Mrs. J. Young; secretary, Miss Legatt.

The work of formation of the women's association has been practically at a standstill for the past six months. Mrs. Vere Brown had the matter in hand, but through illness in the family has been unable to give any time to it. There is a great deal of hard work in a matter of this kind, and the ladies have done well to put the affair in the hands of Mr. A. H. Campbell, jr. This course was advised by "Saturday Night" last year.

The golfers of Toronto have been strengthened by the addition of Mr. Calcutt of the Cleveland Club, who has come here to reside. He is a prospective member of the Rosedale, Toronto, and High Park Clubs. It will be interesting to see which he will pay for in the inter-club matches. The odds are with Toronto. HAZARD.

MR. JOHN HARE.

will be supported here by Miss Irene Vanbrugh and the entire London Globe Theater Company. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights, and at the Saturday matinee they will play the Gay Lord Quex, while the Wednesday matinee and Friday and Saturday nights will be given up to A Pair of Spectacles.

Frank Keenan in A Poor Relation is the drawing card which will be played by Mr. Ambrose Small of the Toronto Opera House next week. It is said to be a good show.

LANCE.

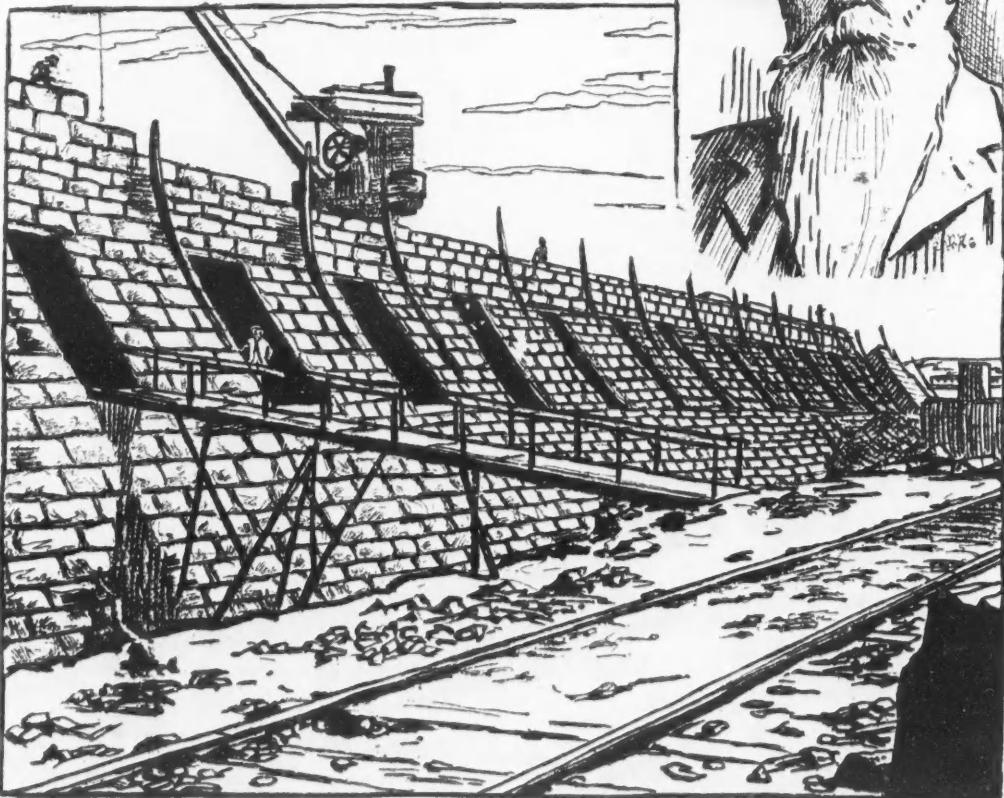
An Appreciated Dedication.

Pietro Mascagni, whose fame came with the production of Cavalleria Rusticana, has, according to a London paper, grown very weary of his critics, and as a response to them has dedicated his new opera, The Masks, to himself. This is the dedication: "To myself. With distinguished esteem and unalterable satisfaction."

They were looking through the library. "If you had the divine gift, what would you write?" asked the romantic young woman. "Check," replied the sordid young man. — "Waverley Magazine."

DAMMING THE RIVER NILE.

South side of the Assuan Dam—one of the greatest engineering feats of modern times. There are in all 180 sluices. The dam creates a lake 144 miles long, and will convert hundreds of miles of desert into pasture land. Sir John Aird, the contractor, was the first man to walk dry-shod across the historic river.



Golf.

The golf clubs are once again taking active steps towards the season's play, and as the weather

shows signs of breaking up, the followers of the royal and ancient game are rejoicing, though many of them are brothers of the stane. The Rosedale Club held its annual meeting and re-elected last year's officers: M. McLaughlin, president; D. W. Baxter, secretary; Geo. S. Lyon, captain.

Of all the nominations for the different offices, Mr. Lyon's was the only name proposed for captain. This speaks well for the champion's popularity, and is a tribute to his work during the past year. The club has been making improvements to the course during the winter, and before the season opens, the tees and greens

will be put in first-class shape. The club has its complement of members, and there are a number of names on the waiting list. David Ritchie, the pro., has been re-engaged for the year, and will shortly be on deck to begin the season's work.

The Toronto Club also re-elected its last year's officers:

President and captain, W. G. P. Cassels; secretary, Stewart Gordon.

The club has made, and is still making, great

improvements in the links. The last nine holes have been lengthened 300 yards.

The second ambrose has been done away with, and a new hole instituted before the punch bowl.

The play after the tenth goes south again, and then back to the punch bowl.

Water works have been put in and the fair and putting greens will be in such shape as they have never been before.

The putting greens have also been specially seeded.

The links at the lower club will be in shape much before that of Rosedale, as the

ground is high and sandy.

The entrance fee has been increased to \$25. Cumming, the pro., will, of course, have charge of the course.

The ladies of the Rosedale Club elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Walter Beardmore; secretary, Miss E. R. Boutton; captain, Miss Emily Moss. The fees for 1901 have been increased slightly. A separate course for the ladies has been talked about, and though this would be a good move, it looks impracticable as yet.

The Hamilton ladies have elected the following officers: President, Mrs. J. S. Hendrie; vice-president, Mrs. J. Young; secretary, Miss Legatt.

The work of formation of the women's association has been practically at a standstill for the past six months. Mrs. Vere Brown had the matter in hand, but through illness in the family has been unable to give any time to it. There is a great deal of hard work in a matter of this kind, and the ladies have done well to put the affair in the hands of Mr. A. H. Campbell, jr. This course was advised by "Saturday Night" last year.

The golfers of Toronto have been strengthened by the addition of Mr. Calcutt of the Cleveland Club, who has come here to reside. He is a prospective member of the Rosedale, Toronto, and High Park Clubs. It will be interesting to see which he will pay for in the inter-club matches. The odds are with Toronto. HAZARD.

From Mark to Andrew.

Here is a characteristic letter which Andrew Carnegie is said to have received from Mark Twain the other day: "Dear Mr. Carnegie,—Understanding that you are blessed at present with an unusual surplus of income, and knowing well your generous spirit and desire to do good to those who will help themselves, I want to ask you to make me a contribution of one dollar and fifty cents. When I was a young man my mother gave me a hymn-book which I faithfully used. It is now, thanks to my efforts, worn out, and I think it should be replaced, and you are the man to do this. Appreciating to the full the generous deeds that have made your name illustrious in this and other countries, and believing that in making me this donation you will be carrying on the spirit of your work, I am yours faithfully, Mark Twain. P.S.—Don't send the hymn-book; send the one dollar and fifty cents. M. T."

On a Windless Night.

Without, the windless night was bitter cold. The ice-bound river thundered 'neath the frost. And deftly were the window-panes embossed. By those chill fingers, skilful from of old. But January round to June had rolled, For that I held her in true love's embrace; And all the rose of June was in her face, With pale tint that apple-blooms unfold.

Sweetly reluctant, yielded she to me, Her pure soul shining in her deep-blue eyes. As there we closed and kissed our hearts, away. Our beings mingled on our lips, to be In confluence forever and a day.— Even when this full-veined life descends and dies.

W. T. ALLISON.

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Notes From the Capital.

Mrs. David Mills' Social Entertainments.—Sessional Visitors Leaving for Easter.—Brilliant Dinner Given by the Leader of the Opposition.—Matrimonial Engagements Announced.—Annual Meetings of the Women's Morning Music Club and Ottawa Historical Society.

One of the largest dinners given this session was a dinner at the Russell last Friday evening, when Hon. David Mills and Mrs. Mills were host and hostess. The guests numbered between forty and fifty, and though dinner began a few minutes before eight, the guests rose from the table only at ten-thirty. A very long dinner indeed! The next afternoon Mrs. David Mills was again a hostess. This time it was a large At Home in the drawing-room of the Russell. An orchestra played from behind the corridor, and refreshments were served in an alcove. There were Cabinet Ministers represented by their wives. There were Senators and Members, and many sessional visitors. In fact the strangers surpassed in number the residents of Ottawa at Mrs. Mills' tea.

Lady Laurier went to Montreal on Saturday afternoon, accompanied by her secretary, Miss Coutu. She spent several days in the early part of the week at her old home, Arthabaskaville, then returned to Montreal for Easter, where she has been joined by the Premier.

There has been quite a

The Ha-ha-ha! Club,
OR,
What One Woman Did.
A Record of Fact.
By G. H. de B.



HE was a little woman, sad and lonely. There had been a husband loving and kind, babies sweet and clinging, and a home bright and beautiful, but of these only a memory remained. Trouble had also left its impress physically, and she was a nervous wreck. Seemingly all was impenetrable gloom, but poverty a blessing proved, as pride forbade dependence on friends. The search for employment brought her, out of solitude and brooding, into contact with the cold, unsympathetic world.

Work was obtained at a compensation which brought a bare livelihood, and the struggle began—a struggle never free from pain mentally and physically. For many weary months this life continued. One day, she read of a woman who had banished gloom from her heart and home by cultivating the art of laughing. As she re-read the article there appeared, as in a mirror, a vision of her life. She saw how the gloom enveloping her reached out, touching those with whom she came in contact, and that friends were avoiding her depressing presence, and she realized, as never before, that all instinctively choose as companions the contented and happy and avoid the gloomy and sad.

Could she not do as this woman had done? She had to go through life—had to live—and why not try to rise above her sorrow and pain? She was so lonely without her loved ones—so lonely—and could not bring them back to her, but she could fill her heart with love for all. Perhaps, after a time, if she cultivated cheerfulness—learned to laugh when her heart was breaking—she would really become happy. She would try, but a long weary struggle it would be. She would commence now—right now.

"Ha, ha, ha!" What a pitiful, forced attempt! "Ha, ha, ha!" Not laughter, but great sobs shook her frame. This would never do; laugh she must.

"Ha, ha, ha!" and the determined little woman struggled, sobbing and laughing hysterically, but tears gained the ascendancy, and she sobbed as she had not done since trouble came upon her. Tears had been few, for grief had been deep. The overflow assisted nature in dispelling the pall of sadness enveloping her, as a heavy downpour of rain will clear a murky, close atmosphere, after which the air will be bright and clear.

Daunted not by failure, the next evening a second attempt was made, and after another hysterical outburst the effort culminated in a really hearty laugh.

The resolve formed was faithfully carried out. Many times, wearied with work and suffering from pain, it would seem impossible to force a laugh. At first it was not unusual to struggle fifteen or twenty minutes, but she knew not the meaning of defeat.

The idea of laughing with nothing to laugh at, and no one to laugh with, was most ridiculous, and the absurdity of it would frequently cause the desired laugh when all else failed. All crumbs of brightness were carefully treasured and shadows passed unnoticed, for to the one who sees not a shadow it is as if it were not. Presently the clouds enveloping her began to lift. Friends remarked on the change, and questioned as to what pleasant thing had come into her life. She laughed merrily, but would not divulge her secret. She was left alone no longer, but was always in demand. Even the physical troubles physicians had pronounced incurable began to yield to the hopeful spirit.

But, it was not all brightness even yet in the life of the little widow. At times a wave of loneliness would break over her, and there would come a longing for the presence of husband and the touch of baby fingers, but when darkness enveloped her and the whole world seemed fog-bound a laugh would scatter the clouds, and again there would be joy and sunshine.

One day, calling on a confirmed invalid, hoping to cheer and amuse, she told of her resolve, and the change it had made in her life. From the sick-room came peal after peal of merry laughter. The children hearing, ran in, round-eyed with wonder at mother's laughing so heartily. On explanation they thought it such fun they wanted mother to promise they might gather in her room each evening and have a laugh together. The invalid looked at the bright faces surrounding her, and gave the desired promise. After merry discussion, it was decided to form a club called the "Ha, ha, ha! Club," the one rule being that each evening at nine o'clock members must indulge in a right hearty laugh, but if circumstances made it impossible at that hour, to laugh before retiring for the night.

This proved such a source of amusement to the children they could not resist telling their playmates, who all wished to become members of the club.

The fear of ridicule had prevented the little woman from entrusting her secret to others, but now, realizing what had helped her would cheer others, she took many into her confidence. Some ridiculed, but the sneers and scoffs of the few were unheeded, as many sorrowing ones were helped.

The "Ha, ha, ha! Club" grew rapidly, even extending to other towns, and including among its members clergymen, doctors, lawyers, professors, merchants, mechanics, mothers, sisters, and children. The children especially thought it the greatest fun imaginable, and never forgot the club hour. The greater number of members were secured through the enthusiasm of the little ones, although many joined, realizing that a good, hearty laugh sets the blood circulating, and is a most exhilarating tonic. No one knows the sunshine of a laugh until it has been tested. It sends the blues flying, melts anger, dissolves pensive-ness, robs slurs and slights of their sting. A hearty laugh will put an army of blue devils to flight; even a ghost of a laugh gives them a panic.

Many amusing incidents occurred. The little woman, before her peculiarity had become known to the family with whom she lived, one evening caused quite a commotion. The mother and daughter passing her door, and hearing, as they thought, sobs and moans, hurriedly entered, to find their boarder stretched on a couch convulsed with suppressed merriment. The look of amazement on the countenances of the intruders only added to the mirth of the other. Finally she succeeded in explaining that she was laughing over something funny seen during the day, but could not possibly remember what it was. The two looked at her, and then at each other with pitying glances, apologized for entering so unceremoniously, and withdrew. They told her afterwards they thought trouble was turning her brain and her fate would be an asylum. However, they soon became accustomed to her vagaries, and when a merry peal of laughter came from a certain room it was echoed throughout the house. If there were guests, and a gay laugh was heard on the stroke of nine, members of the family would look smilingly at each other, and thereupon would follow explanations and general hilarity.

A dignified couple took their family to a sacred concert one evening, on the way cautioning the children they were not to give way to mirth until after their return home. When a clock near the church, with a sharp, clear ring, struck nine, the children exchanged glances and the smaller ones began to giggle. Reproving looks did not have the desired effect, and there were symptoms of an outbreak. Just then the organ pealed forth in low, deep tones, and a dog, which had sneaked in after its owner into the church, set up a mournful howl. This was too much for the risibilities of the children, and there was a general outburst, but as there was a titter throughout the audience, it passed without much notice. In the commotion caused by the election of the musical dog, to save

further trouble, the hilarious youngsters were instructed to depart for home.

The "Ha, ha, ha! Club" still continues to flourish, and is the jolliest affair imaginable. It is open to all who wish to join, the poorest and the richest; the saddest and the happiest. Desponding and unfortunate ones are especially welcome. Its influence has lightened many hearts and brightened many homes. There is no balloting for members and no initiation; the only necessity is a resolve to obey the one rule and conscientiously adhere to that resolution.

"Grandma" Gilbert and Augustine Daly.

In her "Stage Reminiscences," Mrs. Gilbert, the grandmother of the American stage, has some interesting things about the late Augustine Daly.

"Mr. Daly would permit no 'gagging,' and quite right too! But we who worked together all the time struck sparks out of one another, as it were. And inspirations would come in all sorts of odd ways. Still, I never would make a point, or say a thing, no matter how funny it might be, unless it was in, keeping with the especial person I was doing, something she, not I, would say. Once, I know, in *A Woman's Won't*, when we sat down to our table and began with our oyster broth—real broth it was, and uncommonly good, too—Mr. Lewis said, 'Pass me the crackers.' 'Now, there were no crackers, as it happened, and we were at a loss for a moment. I could think of nothing better to say than the current slang of the day: 'They're in the soup.' It was funny, and I could see the 'Governor' at his station in the wings, double up in his amusement. No crackers were allowed on the table after that, and I was always given a chance to get off my slang. Sometimes, though, Mr. Daly would tire of these interpolations, or would fancy that they lost their point and their freshness with too frequent repetition. Then he would stop them short.

"Once toward the end, when we were rehearsing *Cyrano de Bergerac*, I unconsciously made a contribution to the 'business.' It was in the scene where the two pages come in with Cyrano to serenade Roxane. I was standing by as the duenna. The music was very pretty and catchy.

no one believes that women wear their new apparel devoutly. They must have something new, whatever the reason, or the cost; the luxurious—an entire costume, and she who cannot afford this may at least become possessed of a magnetic hat. Now and again you meet one who tells you—and quite cheerfully—that she can have but a new pair of gloves.

In the milliner's mind, through these quiet weeks, a weighty guess has been brewing: How are her creations to compare with those of a sister fashioner, on that eventful day—Easter Sunday—when the church visitor, on a back bench, looks critically forward over a swaying surface of purple, white and black, underneath which he finally sees the worshippers, though very secondary in importance.

The violets will not die! They have blossomed in feminine hat-gardens for several Marches, to the exclusion, of every other flower. Nor is an occasional hot day in April sufficient to wither their brightness. The fondness for the violet in Easter-time millinery may arise from the fact that its color intones so well with the Lenten altar hangings, and from other ecclesiastic associations, perhaps, of that glorious purple hue.

People of the East have always, as far back in time as history can remember, worn new garments to grace festivities, and from such customs may have evolved our present-day fashion of new gowns at this season.

Persian rulers kept extensive wardrobes stored with dresses—many hundreds of them—to distribute among guests as a token of rejoicing at their presence (a nice but expensive courtesy), and everyone detained in royal halls under a social obligation carried away a costly remembrance.

A certain Caliph of Bagdad, renowned for his generous spirit, going one day to the upper roof of his palace to revel in the fine view thus afforded, discovered in every direction clothes spread upon the house-tops of the poor quarters. Learning that the inhabitants had washed their old clothes, in want of new ones, for the approaching Festival, the Caliph was much concerned. He therefore ordered a great quantity of gold to be made into bullets and fastened to arrow heads, which he and his courtiers threw.

The Manners of Our Youth.

HE twentieth century," says someone, "will be the children's century." "Which," retorts another, "will be the fault of the parents," and the subtle remark will bear a multiple interpretation.

Mr. Seton-Thompson's afternoon lecture must have set many a grown-up a-thinking upon the manners of our twentieth century youth. Yet that a hall full of schoolboys and schoolgirls unrestrained by any supervision—albeit they were appealed to by an Inspector of renown—should be slightly obstreperous was perhaps to be expected. Lectures are not precisely the exact form of instruction—or even of recreation—which three-year-olds, or even fifteen-year-olds, crave; however entertaining the lecturer and however graphic his magic lantern slides. If, as Le Bon has shown, a mob of adults is with difficulty restrained, with how much more a mob of small folk!

"Restraint"—that surely is the crux of the problem, and of restraint, I take it, there is in this hemisphere and in this century an insufficient appreciation. A highly elaborate and much belauded system of State-aided education has insensibly shifted the burden of the responsibility for children from the parent to the schoolmaster. One little piece of evidence for this fact is the oft-recurring plea for the teaching of "morality" in school, as if "morality" were teachable by blackboards and chalk, not by the precepts and examples of home life.

And when we mention "home life" perhaps we put our finger on the very secret of the difficulty.

The present writer came to this country some twenty odd years ago. Before he had been many months here—in a quiet country town—two things struck him as somewhat different from the ways and habits to which he had been accustomed: first, an almost entire absence of that "home circle," as it is so aptly named, where, in the evening, father and mother and brothers and sisters, with perhaps an intimate friend or two, gather about a drawing-room, in peaceful, and often enough, jovial, family intercourse; second, an almost equally entire absence of any care being exercised by the father or the mother as to the associates of their children. I hope I am not unwittingly offending any precise and proper Canadian maternitis, but what I saw with my own eyes was this, that maternitis was utterly ignorant of where Tom or Dick or Harry was, what he was doing, and whom he was with—Tom, Dick, and Harry, be it remembered, being still in their teens. As to Mary or Susan or Jane, I cannot speak so positively; but this I do know, that neither Mary nor Susan nor Jane (nor, for that matter, their mother) thought twice about the propriety of being escorted to and from this dance, or that concert, or the other play by a youthful beau who did not even take the trouble to ask for her mother when he called for his belle.

I hasten to admit that the conditions of social life which obtain in the New World differ *toto coelo* from those in the Old. There is here no domestic hearth about which to form a family circle; the evenings, both in summer and in winter, invite one out of doors; chaperones are scarce; and in little country towns, everybody knows everybody. And, perhaps, when one has said this one has perforce admitted that the results of this are inevitable, are reasonable.

So be it. And yet—and yet, a comparatively old fogey may perhaps be pardoned for thinking that, were there a little more paternal and maternal supervision and restraint, there might be a little less youthful obstreperousness.

"You can't expect old heads on young shoulders." I shall be told. No doubt. But for that very reason ought not old heads to put a certain amount of restraint on young shoulders?

How They Stocked the Larder.

M. T. B. THALBERG, who has been on the stage for twenty years and is now playing Lord Windermere in *Lady Windermere's Fan* at the Coronet Theatre, London, tells a capital story of a blizzard in the United States, when he was travelling through the wide-stretching, dreary plains of Nebraska. He was awakened one night in the sleeping-car by cold flakes of snow drifting through the double windows, and the train was at a standstill. A terrific blizzard was blowing from the north, and in the morning the passengers realized the fact that they were snow-bound. One desolate, frame house could be seen in the distance. There was no dining-car on the train. Everybody felt very hungry. At mid-day an idea occurred to one of the famished actors. There were a number of beautiful prize chickens in the front car of the train. The famished actor pressed three of his comrades, and a quiet but determined little American into the service; fully armed, they disappeared together, and if the rightful owner of the prize chickens could have seen what happened next it would have made him very sad—or savage!

When the unfortunate chickens were killed and plucked, another difficulty arose. How were they to be cooked? The four actors and the small American again volunteered their services. With arms linked together, every man grasping a bird in each hand, they left the train and sought their way through the deep drifts of snow towards the one desolate dwelling. Here they borrowed a great zinc pan; the actors cast in the prey, and the little American stirred up the fire in the stove and became chief chef. When the zinc pan with its hissing chicken stew, was carried back to the train, the five adventurers were greeted with cheers by their fellow passengers. A hungry commercial traveller—the stoutest man in the car—seized the pan and attempted to get his share even before the ladies had been served. Then the little American coolly drew a revolver out of his hip-pocket and held it over the chicken stew. "Sir, after us!" was all he said, and the commercial traveller had to be content at last with a couple of wishbones!

There is a prospect that a monument to Pope will be erected on the site of his famous villa at Twickenham.

On The Minister.



Rev. Dr. Thirdly—No, sir; a minister should never use another minister's sermon.
Deacon Kidder—I think he is justified under some circumstances.
Rev. Dr. Thirdly—Under what circumstances, sir.
Deacon Kidder—Well, for instance, if it was a very short sermon.

Easter, a la Mode.

THE dressmakers' Lent has been a busy one. No early services at church for her. Not that she has overslept—far from it. The sunrise hours have even found her ready, but only to pedal a sewing-machine throughout the monotonous day, now and again pausing to puzzle over a distressing bit of hand-work, or tiresome fitting, and often far into the night has she plied her needle, in order to turn out all the fashionable dresses promised festive women to don Easter Day.

"Tix a fixed custom, this, of new things for Easter; yet

by means of cross-bows, upon every poor terrace within the city.

Even the cruel Turks were prettily sentimental, the poorest depriving themselves of the very necessities of life rather than appear at the Bairam, or Great Festival, in old or shabby garments.

How superior we civilized beings are; for, rather than appear poorly clad at this happy time, we, who can afford no fine raiment, merely deprive our dressmaker of the necessities of life, by forgetting to pay the bills!

MERILANI.

A German Picture of The Future.

Scene—A school-room of the twentieth century.

Teacher (to a new scholar)—Jack, are you inoculated against croup?

Pupil—Yes, sir.

Teacher—Have you been inoculated with the cholera bacillus?

Pupil—Yes, sir.

Teacher—Have you a written certificate that you are immune as to whooping cough, measles and scarlatina?

Pupil—Yes, sir, I have.

"Have you your own drinking cup?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you promise not to exchange sponges with your neighbor, and to use no slate pencil but your own?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you agree to have your books fumigated every week with sulphur, and to have your clothes sprinkled with chloride of lime?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, Jack, you possess all that modern hygiene requires; you can step over that wire, occupy an isolated seat made of aluminium, and begin your arithmetic lesson."

A Wish.

Shine, little sunbeams, blow, welcome breeze,
Drop from the clouds, gentle showers.
We're longing for rainbows and leaves on the trees,
And baby is watching for flowers.

—Anna M. Pratt in "Youth's Companion."

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Kaiserin Maria Theresa, Sat., April 20, 10 a.m.
Lahn.....Tuesday, April 23, 10 a.m.
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., April 23, 10 a.m.
Kaiserin Maria Theresa, Tues., April 23, 10 a.m.
Rhein.....Tuesday, May 21, 10 a.m.

New York, Bremen

Koenigin Luise.....Thurs. ay, Mar. 28, noon.
Grosser Kurfuerst, Thursday, April 4, 4 p.m.

Rhein.....Tuesday, April 10, 9 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN

NAPLES, GENOA

Werra.....Sat., March 30, 1 p.m.
Sat., April 6, 10 a.m.
Trave.....Sat., April 13, 11 a.m.
Hohenzollern.....Sat., April 27, noon.
Aller.....Sat., May 4, 10 a.m.

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New York.....April 10, New York.....May 1

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Four Track "No. 32"

The February issue of the New York Central's "Four-Track Series" (No. 32), sailings of ocean steamships from all important Atlantic and Pacific North American ports, in connection with the great through passenger trains of the Central, is a timely interesting and convenient publication on the lines which have made the series standard and world known. The steamship information is well arranged in concise form, and gives in brief space all essential information for the "globe trotters."

A copy of No. 32 of the New York Central's "Four-Track Series" will be sent free, post-paid, to any address in the world on receipt of a postage stamp of any country on the globe, by George H. Daniels, general passenger agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Anecdotal.

A few months before her death the Queen asked a Church of England clergyman in the Isle of Wight how he got on with the Nonconformists, adding, with a delightful touch of the girlish mischievousness which she never wholly lost, "You will have to get on with them in heaven, you know."

When a popular young author came to see William M. Evarts while he was Secretary of State, in behalf of a consulship for which he was an applicant, Mr. Evarts congratulated him on the fame which he had acquired, but hastened to add, "Although you have laurels on your brows, I suppose you can't browse on your laurels."

At a dinner-party a young man was once talking rather foolishly about Darwin and his books, speaking very contemptuously of them, and said to the Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce): "My Lord, have you read Darwin's last book on the Descent of Man?" "Yes, I have," said the bishop,

"the Book Shop

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Ernest Seton Thompson

Author and Artist

"Wild Animals I Have Known."
"Trail of the Sandhill Stag."
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whereupon the young man continued: "What nonsense it is talking of our being descended from apes! I can't see what difference it would make to me if my grandfather was an ape." "No," the bishop replied, "I don't see that it would; but it must have made an amazing difference to your grandmother!" The young man had no more to say.

Just before Max O'Rell (M. Paul Blouet) recently delivered a lecture to the students of a religious college in the East one of the professors stepped forward and offered a prayer, in which he said: "O, Lord, Thou knowest that we work hard for Thee, and that creation is necessary in order that we may work with renewed vigor. We have to-night with us a gentleman from France, whose criticisms are witty and refined, but subtle; and we pray Thee to so prepare our minds that we may thoroughly understand and enjoy them." "I am still wondering," said O'Rell, "whether my lectures are so subtle as to need praying over, or whether those particular auditors were so dull that they needed divine assistance to help them out. Of one thing I am morally certain—that they showed, by their appreciation, that the professor's prayer was not in vain."

Augustus Hare tells an amusing story of one of his visits to Rome. He had convoyed his little flock, which included at least one live prince, through the palace of the Caesars and had gathered them near the forum, when he observed a stranger who had attached himself to the party, "looking more and more angry every minute." At length this interloper could stand Mr. Hare no longer. He burst forth in denunciations. "All that this person has been telling you," he informed the party in a loud voice, "about the palace of the Caesars, he has had the effrontery to relate to you as if it were his own. You will be astonished, gentlemen and ladies, to hear that it is taken word for word—word for word, without the slightest acknowledgment—from Mr. Hare's Walks in Rome." "All I said," says Mr. Hare, "was: 'Oh, I am so much obliged to you, I did not know there was anybody in the world who would defend my interests so kindly. I am Augustus Hare.' It was a magnificent moment."

Although many photographs of Sir Redvers Buller have been exhibited lately in the various shop windows all over the country, the popular general hates not only having to sit for his portrait, but having his likeness circulated in any shape or form. Sir Redvers has no sympathy with those celebrities who glory in facing the camera. A few weeks ago the general was dining at the house of a certain friend of his, and after dinner allowed himself to be "talked to" by a very lively and pretty but objectionably conceited young lady, whose principal topic of conversation was "self." "Do you know, Sir Redvers," said she, "I was photographed yesterday in three different positions. In one I was standing on the ground; in another I was standing on a balcony; and in the third position—the prettiest of them all—can you guess how I was standing?" Sir Redvers answered quietly, "Standing on your head, perhaps, my dear young lady." The conceited one afterwards remarked that Sir Redvers was "quite delightful, and really so original!"

Some interesting anecdotes of Edward VII, are told by a prominent Illinois man of the time when the Prince of Wales visited America under the title of Lord Renfrew. It was in the fall of 1880, and the Prince, with a party of St. Louis friends, invaded the state for the purpose of shooting prairie chickens (which corresponds with our partridge shooting). His success in bagging game quite carried the Prince away, figuratively, and also literally, during one shoot, for he was soon lost from both his friends and attendants in a country totally unknown to him. When he finally realized the fact, he determined to reach some sort of habitation as quickly as possible in order that he might reach Bresse, the party's headquarters, before dark. He was quite worn out when he came upon a Scotch-Irishman plowing in a field. The Prince approached him and commanded him to hitch his horses at once to the nearest wagon, and drive him as speedily as possible to Bresse. The man stopped, quietly took a quid of tobacco from his mouth, and stared in amazement. "What is the matter, my good man?" said the Prince, "It is not to Bresse." "Faith, it's no business I have got in Bresse the day." "But, man, it is important that I should be there without delay." "Faith, an' I am sorry for that, sor." "Peraps," said the Prince, haughtily, but with a suppressed smile hovering about his lips, "you do not know that you are refusing to do a service for an English nobleman?" "Sure, an' that's nather here nor there to me, sor. If you want me to take you to Bresse show your wad." Finally, realizing what he meant by "wad," the Prince thrust his hand in his pocket and drew out a five-dollar bill. That settled it. Title or no title, the road was open to Bresse. "Climb in, pardner," said the Irishman, as he hastily fastened his horses to the wagon. On the road the Prince chatted familiarly with his grotesque and original friend, passing, as he afterward remarked, one of the most amusing hours of his trip. The Irishman was delighted, and his prejudice against titled heads was rapidly diminishing when as they came in sight of Bresse they met several of the party in quest of him. Getting out of the wagon and mounting the horse that had been led out for him the Prince turned to his new friend and said: "My good man, when you return home just tell your wife that you drove the Prince of Wales into Bresse." "Well, faith," said the Irishman, shifting his reins into his left hand, "an' that's a good one." Extending his hand, he said, with a grin: "Shake! Prince or no prince, you're the right sort, and if ye ever come into these parts again jest drop in. The old woman would be powerful glad to see ye."

To you others, who love bright greetings, I wish the joy of Easter, the assurance to the dull or doubting of life that never ends; to the sad, the thought that the darkest hour is just before the day; to the happy, that they celebrate in this joyous season the crowning joy of each and all of us.

Wax or Flint.

The Country Mouse. Orange Blossoms.

"O ALL me anything but impressionable," writes a woman. "It is so weak and shadowy and second rate a trait." But when you come to think of it, it is rather a pleasant and gracious one, and preferable vastly to the flinty dullness which cannot take either tone, form or color from passing influences. To be impressionable isn't to be weak—sometimes it is a misfortune. Fancy the impressionable person at a deadly, dull dinner, a vast vista of yawns, changing plates, gasps of talk, long stretches of silence. It's bad enough to have to talk to the person you can't look in the face without squirming round in your dinner of four is quite the jolliest), chair; (I often think that is why a little because one can see everyone properly, but when that person grunts or gurgles in reply, and everyone else is oblivious to one, then the impression begins to overshadow the soul and suffering sets in. A great gasp of relief and a rash confidence to a woman or man friend, "I'm glad it's over. What a dull lot we were!" I thought it would never end." And then you collapse when the cheerful reply comes: "Real? I enjoyed it very much, and was just thinking what a nice dinner I had." That's the difference between being impressionable and otherwise. The impressionable person is at the mercy of a certain class of talker who gives him a silhouette of a coming acquaintance by some disparaging or spiteful undescription, or he is impressed in an unreasonable way by some trifling trait of an otherwise estimable friend, some careless word or act, which stamps his opinions, hardens and stays persistently to the detriment of that other. A trifling courtesy, a chivalrous utterance also will cause the impressionable one to halo the other with an enduring glory and charm. These little things will never affect in the slightest the hard surface of the unimpassioned mind. But weighing the advantages and disadvantages of impressionability, it seems better to take all sorts of impressions than to take none. Only, I fancy, when it applies to the opposite sex and their influence, it may be a weakness and a misfortune to be more than slightly impressionable. The impressionable party will soon muddle and finally mislay his ideal, as the composite photograph gives generally a very uninteresting hash of a face.

ent from that suitable to life before. The modern man or woman is not at high-water mark, mentally and physically, until close on thirty; and the "filling-out" body and developing brain need liberal nourishment. When thirty is touched the full midday of life begins; the hill is climbed, and the tableland that comes before the downward slope lies ahead. Now, we have only to keep what has been gained, physically; now, we are in the thick of the fight, mentally, and every ounce of unnecessary indulgence tells in the close finished and hard-run-home stretches of modern life. Quain, the great physician, speaking of this period of life, tells us that up to thirty our motto should be "Sustine" (nourish); from thirty to fifty, "Sustine et abstine" (nourish and abstain); and after fifty, "Sustine" again.

The thirties, to an ambitious man or woman gifted with brains, are a glorious time of life. The intellect is at its very best. "High climb and deep dive, may a man at thirty-five," says the old poet; and modern life only sets the stage of perfection a little further on. Woman's beauty, in these days of charming middle-age, often ripens to fuller perfection during the early thirties, although the "beauté du diable" dependent on the first dewy softness of young maidenhood, does not last out five or six-and-twenty.

But the enjoyment of this era does not merely come like the visionary and poetic delights of early youth. It must to a great extent be bought. Lessons of self-restraint, of common sense, of judgment, have been taught (often painfully enough) by the mistakes of earlier years, and they must be put in force. Self-restraint is, indeed, the keynote of middle-age happiness.

Mrs. Keyboard—Why do you always sit at the piano? You can't play a note. Old Stokes—Neither can anyone else while I'm there.

Bartlett—I hear that your next-door neighbors have a new organ. Do you know how many stops it has? Jackson—Only about three a day, and those are only for meals.

Tommy—Pop, what's the difference between habit and a vice? Tommy's Pop—Habits, my son, are our own frailties; vices are those of other people.

The country mouse who comes to the city on a visit is most refreshing. It gives new meaning to the very posters on the hoardings to look at them with the country mouse, if she be young and merry. The theaters are houses of delight, to be visited with great jubilation: the shop windows are entralling; the wax ladies with the 5.95 cloth suit cases are hours with hypnotic power in their glass eyes. The country mouse doesn't always glory in the only shop that never pall upon the city mouse, the flower shop. She shops in wondering delight, tries on hats with an abandon that is quite horrifying to the city mouse, who wouldn't put her sleek head into a pattern hat for many golden crowns, poses shyly before the mirror with a stupendous chapeau on her braids, and then buys a fifteen-cent veil quite contentedly. She is irresponsible, irrational and very enjoyable, if one has the time and strength to chaperone her about. Just at this season she is to be seen on every side. Her winter coat is a bit shabby, but her face is a May morning; her gloves are stretched and rubbed, but her fingers are clever to twist a bow into shape or stitch the new frock. It is to be light gray, says my own country mouse, with bands of white cloth, and a hat with violets for Easter day. Happy country mouse! She will go to church, and feel the proud consciousness that, miserable sinner as she is in the Litany, she becomes the cynosure of neighboring eyes in the Creed, and during the sermon has distinct glory in the modest abasement of other and sundry mice who didn't get their Easter togs in the city. Dear wee country mouse, let us all pray for a fine, mild, sunshiny day for to-morrow!

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Harry—I have a suit of clothes for every day in the week.

Carry—Why, every time I see you you have on the same suit.

Harry—Well, this is the one.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every geographical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Geographical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Scribe—Perplexed—I. Your valentine-day has arrived. Your writing shows nervous temperament and a boyish, impulsive, bright, mentality, but good sequence of ideas. You lack culture, decision and repose, but have many bright and interesting traits. When you learn to control your words and actions, you'll have many a waste of energy. I wish you every success in your chosen art.

Madeline—July 4th makes you a cancer girl. You need to look very carefully upon every tendency to display and guard yourself and your friends against broken promises. Don't set your heart too firmly upon an object, for you'll lose the same. Sometimes you can't help it. You lack culture, decision and repose, but have many bright and interesting traits. When you learn to control your words and actions, you'll have many a waste of energy. I wish you every success in your chosen art.

Jonah—I don't think Jonah was so unlucky, or that he brought such bad luck after him. He really intended to go to the best place to avoid it.

You are dominant, decided and rather a dashing sort of person, it appears to me; you certainly are a pessimist, but that goes with many strong natures. Your friends are good, but not marked; but your

Nature's Practical Jokes.

"France is reported to have—" The sounder suddenly stopped ticking. The operator waited. But not another word came through. Soon it became plain that the cable was broken. The news rapidly spread. France had declared war on Great Britain. The cable had been cut. Sydney was in an uproar and the news spread by telegraph all over Australia. The whole island was thrown into excitement and alarm, and all the reserves called out. This was in 1880. It is not the only scare of the kind, for in 1888 a similar thing happened again, only on that occasion the message which happened to be coming through did not sound so ominous. The whole thing was merely one of Mother Nature's little jokes.

Through a rift in the sea-bottom right under the cable a huge submarine river had broken forth, and, by chafing the cable upon the rugged edges of the chasm, severed it. The message which had gone so far to confirm the illusion was merely to say that France had invited two well-known scientists from America to visit the country, and report on the silkworm disease.

Even more serious was the scare caused on the United States coast during the Spanish-American war. It was at the time when the Spanish fleet was known to be on the Atlantic, but where, or heading for what port, no one had the least idea. All feared that it might make a sudden descent upon the coast towns of New York and Maine, to protect which only two warships—the "Minneapolis" and "Columbus"—were available. One still afternoon, when a heat-haze hid the horizon, fifty miles of Maine coast sprang into sudden activity at the sound of a heavy gun out at sea. Half an hour elapsed in silence, and then came another dull boom. And so it went on all the afternoon, until about six, when the noises ceased. One slept that night. Next day it was still hot and calm, and about the same hour the same heavy explosions began again. Boats went out, but saw nothing. It was not until definite news came that the whole Spanish fleet was bottled up in Santiago that people could be got to believe that no Spanish warship had been within 3,000 miles of the coast of Maine. It was Dr. Hay, the scientist, who gave the only possible explanation of these mysterious sounds. He noticed that they were only heard on hot, moist days—conditions similar to those prevailing when similar sounds are heard off Ostend, in Belgium. There they are called mist-peppers, or fog-peppers. They are either electric in their origin, or else caused by beds of rock cracking far beneath the surface of the earth. In any case, their cause is a purely natural one.

The poor, overworked officers and men at Bhagulpore, during the Indian Mutiny, were all turned out of their beds one sultry night in summer by the crash of a single big gun booming up the river. It was the appointed signal that the rebels were in advance again. They stood to arms till morning; but no sign of the enemy appeared. Men who knew the country afterwards declared that the sound was merely an extra loud manifestation of those mysterious forces of nature known as Barisal guns. They are heard over a wide district along the Lower Ganges, and in other parts of India.

It was reported by a despatch-rider who got into Mafeking during the siege that the Boers were moving up some new and awful instrument of war. As he had ridden through the sandhills south-west of the town, a low, deep hum filled the air, rising to a sound like a full chord on an enormous organ. Much speculation and some alarm was caused by his account, until a native explained that such sounds were common in that place. The Kaffirs believe that the spirits of their dead kings live there. The fact of the matter is that the sand of which these sandhills are composed consists of particles so intensely hard and dry that, as they fall in constant little avalanches down the steep sides of the slopes, they cause a musical vibration. The same thing has been noticed on the shores of the Red Sea.

It is not to be wondered at that when Pierre Michel, one of the first men to visit Mount Fairweather, in Alaska, came back with the story that the country inland was inhabited and civilized, and that he had seen its capital—a great city, with splendid houses, wide streets, parks, and churches—that he was set down as a liar or a lunatic. He was only suffering for another of Dame Nature's

Chinese Mother's Song.

O hush your cries, my baby,
And rest your tired head,
For every ting thing has crept
Into its cosy bed.
O hush! the winds of night will bear
Your plaintive cries about,
And the Christian man will get you
If you don't watch out.

O hush your cries, your father dear
Is hiding in the hills,
He's hiding from the priests that make
Our fields run bloody rolls,
Converting all about—
The mission man will get you if you
don't watch out.
And if you're caught, the love where-
withal
The modhda fills the mind
They'll turn to smiling falsehood,
Covering hatred of your kind;
O hush! with cross and Bible they
Are prowling all about—
And if you're caught, the love where-
withal
You don't watch out.
—Frederick Manley, in "Life."

Greeley's Contrary Wife.

Despite the fact that Mr. Greeley's many eccentricities were the cause of constant merriment to others, his life, apart from his public career, was a sad one," says the author of the "Reminiscences" now appearing in the "Bookman." The death of an only son while still a child, and whom he is said to have idolized, seems to have incapacitated him for finding in the home circle the happiness that might have been his. Added to this was the fact that he was "married, but not mated." Mrs. Greeley, always an invalid, was a woman of intelligence and culture, but she had been born with a streak of "contrariness" in her disposition, which, had her husband been less indulgent or less absorbed in an exacting profession, must certainly have made shipwreck of her home. If, for example, she discovered that her husband was advocating any particular policy in his journal, or wished to carry out any especial plan regarding their household or their children, or had any other pet scheme in view, she felt it incumbent upon her to oppose it tooth and nail. Two incidents (for which I can vouch) will illustrate what I mean. The first of these was told me by a partner in the firm of Haughwout and Company, then one of the leading retail crockery houses in town.

Shortly after their marriage, when their eldest child, Ida, was a babe-in-arms, Mr. and Mrs. Greeley arrived at the shop one morning with the infant in quest of a dinner service. A salesman took them upstairs to inspect the stock, and reported afterward that he had never been better entertained than by witnessing the scene that followed, and that occupied the hour they were in the building. In that time the Greeleys looked over the entire collection of dinner sets, but without coming within a hundred miles of agreeing to purchase any particular one. Whenever Mr. Greeley expressed a liking for any special pattern, his wife would say: "Mr. Greeley, how can you see anything to admire in those commonplace, vulgar-looking dishes? I'd sooner die to-morrow than see them on my table." Yes, I'd a thousand times rather have nothing

practical jokes. Since then no less a personage than the Duke of Abruzzi has visited the spot, and made a pen-and-ink drawing of what is now well known as "The Silent City." At present an expedition is on its way to Mount Fairweather, to witness this wonderful mirage, which stretches for miles across a huge rift in the mountains. It is only visible once in the year. The most peculiar part of the mystery is that the phantom city is almost a replica of our English Bristol. Photographs will prove whether Nature's biggest living picture is a real cinematograph of the seaport on the Avon.

In Bed Three Years.

The Happy Ending of a Very Serious and Painful Case.

Mrs. Hughes Was Very Ill—Blotted and in Constant Misery, She Suffered for Four Years, Before She Used Dodd's Kidney Pills—She is Now Well and Happy.

Morley, Ont., April 1.—(Special).—Nelson Leflar, Justice of the Peace of this place, vouches for the truth of the following interesting story, told by Mrs. Thomas Hughes.

Verification, however, will not be necessary to those who know Mrs. Hughes, as that lady is one of the most highly respected residents of Grey county.

Mrs. Hughes says:—"I was a great sufferer for four years. I was treated by four doctors, and a specialist from the United States. I tried nearly every kind of medicine I could hear of, but none seemed to do me any good.

"I was in bed for nearly three years. I had pains up my spinal column, in my head, over my eyes, across my back, through my left side, and occasionally in my right side.

"For three nights at a time I would never close my eyes in sleep. I was terribly bloated, so that I could not sit up or walk. My age was forty-one when I was taken sick.

"I have taken in all fourteen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and now I am strong, and able to do as good a day's work as I have ever been. The doctors said I had Rheumatism. They said that nothing could be done for me.

"I was not able to eat anything, only corn starch or soup of some kind. My weight had increased from 112 to 147 pounds. I am now down to my normal weight again. I can never say enough for Dodd's Kidney Pills, for I am satisfied that they saved my life."

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He's hiding from the priests that make
Our fields run bloody rolls,
Converting all about—
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And if you're caught, the love where-
withal
The modhda fills the mind
They'll turn to smiling falsehood,
Covering hatred of your kind;
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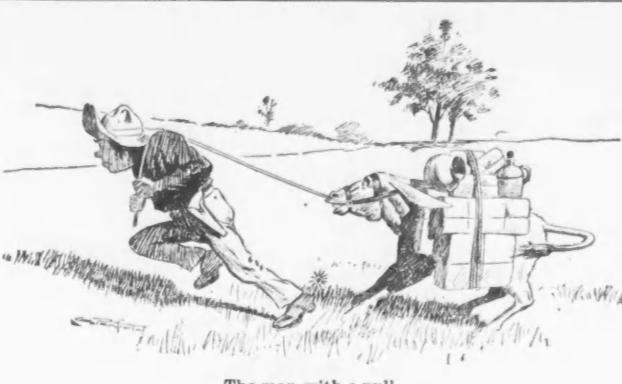
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The man with a pull.

but plain china. If you can't find anything even half-way decent, we'd better go home!" Nor was Mr. Greeley much more yielding. When his wife professed to be pleased with a set, he would drawl out: "Why, Mrs. G., I thought you had more taste. Those plates would disgrace the table or one of our day laborers. You may buy them to give away to somebody else if you like, but I shan't give them house room."

A friend of mine, a well-known magazine writer, who had long been a favorite with Mr. Greeley, but who had never met his wife, was invited to "Chappaqua, to spend the night. He was received and entertained by Mr. Greeley alone, but the next morning his host sent the servant to ask after his wife's health, and to ascertain whether she would receive a visitor. The reply being in the affirmative, my friend was taken upstairs and introduced. Mrs. Greeley seemed to know the young writer by reputation, and was seated at once with an insatiable desire to learn his views on the topics of the day. In order to draw him out, she began an oration, in which she reviewed all of Mr. Greeley's pet theories, as set forth from time to time in the Tribune, mercilessly assailing each, and vehemently insisting on an expression of the young man's opinion against the same. The uncharily *"ust wiz"* was placed, as he assured me afterward, in one of the most embarrassing positions in which he had ever found himself. If he agreed with the mistress of the house, he would forfeit the good opinion of its master; while to take up the cudgels in Mr. Greeley's defense and battle with a woman and an invalid would be to brand himself as an unfeeling brute. I believe that he shuffled out of the dilemma in a way that did him little credit with either his host or his wife.

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"I was not able to eat anything, only corn starch or soup of some kind. My weight had increased from 112 to 147 pounds. I am now down to my normal weight again. I can never say enough for Dodd's Kidney Pills, for I am satisfied that they saved my life."

There are many ladies suffering as Mrs. Hughes did, although but few may be as low as she was.

Deranged kidneys are responsible for almost all the trouble that come to women in middle life, and no woman can afford to be careless, when her kidneys are in any way threatened.

What cured Mrs. Hughes of this very bad case, will cure any case.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only remedy that ever cured Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or Dropsy, and they have never failed.

"I was in bed for nearly three years. I had pains up my spinal column, in my head, over my eyes, across my back, through my left side, and occasionally in my right side.

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Why Cats Are Dreaded.

I always dread a play in which any animal has to appear on the boards, says an old stage manager. No matter how well trained they may be, you can never depend upon them. I remember, for instance, a piece that was produced in London five or six years ago, in which a large



FOXY QUILLER, the new opera by De Koven and Smith, produced for the first time in Toronto at the Grand on Monday night, does not impress one as a highly original work. It

was given a most elaborate investiture, and the stage was for the greater part of the performance crowded with groups of lads and maidens, soldiers and sailors, clad in very gay and picturesque costumes. The music seems to show that the composer's inspiration is waning. He has drawn largely upon his old inventions, which at the same time appear so transfigured that their element of popularity is weakened. Leaving out the strictly buffo songs for the leading character, Foxy Quiller, in which the music is of minor consideration, there are only a few numbers of a seizing character. These are a tarantelle for soprano and chorus, a serenade with chorus and mandolin and guitar accompaniment, a concerted number with a madrigalian flavor, and a solo for Foxy with "choral" accompaniment, entitled On a Summer Day, which if suggestive of earlier efforts of the composer in the same line, is at least melodious and attractive. So far as the story and fun are concerned, the work is simply a second edition of the adventures of our old friend Foxy Quiller of the Highwayman. Foxy ought to have been a Highlander, as his peculiar species of humor consists in referring to himself always in the third person. The orchestral scoring shows a sad failing off as compared with that of Robin Hood, Rob Roy and the Fencing Master. Mr. Jerome Sykes in the title role was the life of the piece and the center of interest. His humor is unctuous and quiet, and his special gifts as a comedian enable him to make a popular hit with a role that would prove a failure in many other hands. Certainly the audience gave evidences of being highly amused by his dialogue, which is a development of the idea exploited in the Highwayman on the line of "And so saying the astute F. Quiller scratched his left ankle with his right foot." The other artists were Jullius Stoger, who contributed some of the best singing of the evening; Helen Bertram, an old favorite here; Louis Casavant, also a familiar figure on the comic opera stage; Adolph Zick, a diminutive being, described as the world-famous Japanese dwarf, and Grace Cameron and Georgia Gaine, two ladies with light and pretty voices.

The following new anecdote is told about the late Blizet and the famous Toreador song in Carmen. The lamented composer of Carmen was a slave to local color. For weeks he cudgelled his brains in vain the song of Escamillo would not come to him. "Why don't you go to Spain?" asked Saint-Saëns. As the two were watching Renan in an extraordinary pas seul at a students' ball, "Lend me the money," replied Blizet, with nimble wit, and to the amusement of Verlaine, who, heavily charged with absinthe, happened to stand near them. "Why don't you go to Normandy?" answered Camille, with Gallic tact. The next day Blizet was watching a bull on a Normandy farm owned by an uncle of De Maupassant. The bull was sluggish. Blizet removed and shook the red waistcoat which, once worn by poor Gautier at the first night of Renan, was rescued reverently from a pawnshop by the composer. The bull was immediately in action. Two minutes after Blizet, on the top of a curiously twisted apple tree was jutting down on a cuff the world-famous refrain "To-re-a-dor." The farmer did not come for the bull till sunset, and the composer had ample time to harmonize the theme and sketch the orchestration. Saint-Saëns was the first to congratulate Blizet on his return. A very elaborate yarn, truly!

According to the New York "Evening Post," it costs a great deal of money to run a first-class orchestra of ninety men like that of Theodore Thomas in Chicago. The expense is about \$140,000 a year, and the receipts \$90,000. The balance is paid by some wealthy patrons, and Chicago is proud of the orchestra and its leader. Musicians receive so much better pay in the United States than abroad that even if the Auditorium were sold out at each Thomas concert, the receipts would still fail to cover the expenses. It is easy to understand now why we don't have an orchestra in Toronto.

The critic of the "Berliner Tageblatt," Dr. Leopold Schmidt, who has not heretofore been an admirer of Liszt's symphonic poems, admits now that these works, as performed by a conductor like Weingartner, will be likely to make more and more impression on concert-goers, and that they now always arouse enthusiasm. Luckily, Weingartner does not confine his missionary work to Berlin, but gives orchestral concerts in various German cities. In Frankfort he recently conducted Mazeppa, and the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. Mr. Finck of New York laments the fact that the city is so poorly equipped with conductors that Liszt suffers. There is no end, he says of Berlioz, and Franck, and Richard Strauss, while Liszt, a greater man than the three combined, is ignored. The time will come, he thinks, when Liszt's music will play as great a role in the concert hall as Wagner's does now in the opera house.

What American girls who wish to make their operatic debut in Italy have to put up with is graphically illustrated by the account given in the

Mr. Percy Hook and Mr. Charles Eggett; Horrocks, The Bird and the Rose, vocal, Miss Middleton; Dvorak, Slavonic Dance No. 2, Misses Long; Saint-Saëns, Dance Macabre, two pianos, Messrs. Hook and Eggett; Loder, The Diver, Mr. J. F. Tilley; Heymann, Elfenpell, Miriam Thompson.

An enjoyable piano recital was given at Pickering College on the evening of the 22nd inst. by Miss Frances Morris, A.T.C.M., assisted by Miss Kate Archier, violinist; Mrs. Seymour Hamby, soprano; Miss Violet Smith, contralto; and Miss Wetherald, elocutionist, each of whom contributed acceptable numbers to the artistic programme rendered by Miss Morris. The recital was given under the auspices of the College Literary Society.

The West Presbyterian Church choir intend giving their second annual service of praise since the appointment of Mr. W. F. Tasker as organist and choirmaster, on the 29th of this month. The programme will be more ambitious than that of the former occasion, including among other numbers Max Bruch's Jubilate Amen and Gounod's Unfold Ye Portals Everlasting. The latter will be given with trumpets, harp and boy choir, in addition to the church choir and organ. The following artists will assist at the service: Miss Webster, soprano, soloist of Queen Street Methodist Church; Mr. Charles Crabtree, tenor; Mr. Percy L. Bailey, violinist, and Mr. S. Douglas, cornet soloist.

College Street Presbyterian Church will give a service of praise on Tuesday evening, April 9. The principal assisting vocalists are Mrs. H. W. Parker and Mr. Oscar Wenburne.

Last Saturday, at the regular afternoon recital at the Toronto College of Music, the following programme was given, the teachers representing being Mr. Barton, Mr. Hook, Mr. Atkinson, Mrs. Mallon, Mrs. Howson, Misses Graham, Landell, Richardson and Tait; Schubert, Serenade, vocal, Mabel Robinson; Goltermann, Cantilena, 'cello; Miss Gibbs, Cowan, Promise of Life, vocal, Pearl Davis; Kuhau, Sonatina, op. 20, No. 1, Evelyn Sloan; (a) Mendelssohn, Spring Song, (b) Haydn, Adagio, Ida Ireland; Kyerulf, Last Night, vocal, Margaret Nelson; Leybach, Fifth Nocturne, Mary Miller; (a) Goddard, Berceuse, (b) Marie, Serenade, 'cello, Jarvis Kennedy; Chopin, Polonaise C sharp minor, Ethel Kennedy; Haberl, Barcarole, Miss Cleghorn; Liszt, Consolation No. 3, Marion Bradley; Moszkowski, duet, Misses Cameron and Thwaite; Vannah, Good-bye, Sweet Day, vocal, Mrs. Walker; Gatty, Demedeeff's Stream, Ethel Hay; Nevin, Shepherd All and Maidens Fair, Pauline Rose; Rodney, Calvary, Mary Miller; Rachmaninoff, Prelude, C sharp minor, Nellie Gilmour; Bailey, Be Thou Nigh, vocal, Miss Hutchins; Chopin, Waltz, op. 69, No. 1, Violet Cooper; Diabelli, duet, Elsie Banks and Miss Tait.

The New York "Musical Courier" reminds us of the fact that Verdi wrote a string quartette—his only work of the kind—in 1873. The quartette was recently played in Boston, and a local critic says of it: "Nor is this quartette trivial. There is skillful contrapuntal writing as well as melody, vocal harmonies and firm color. The second movement is of conspicuous beauty. The third movement is pliant: Azucena, young and in coquettish mood, listens to the love-song of a Spaniard. The finale is an important document to illustrate the technical growth of a genius, to prove that in 1873 Verdi was on easy terms with canon and fugue. The work is more than a curiosity; it is more than a

A good programme was given last Saturday afternoon at the Toronto College of Music by pupils of F. H. Torrington, T. C. Jeffers and Edward Barton. The numbers were as follows: Rheinhold, Impromptu, Mae Van Wyck; Hensel, If I Were a Lad, Jessie Allen; Chopin, Rondo (two pianos),

COMFORT FOR POOR SLEEPERS

The Mystery of Sleep—Insomnia a Warning of Overwork or Approaching Nervous Collapse Which is Not to be Lightly Disregarded.

Robbery of Sleep One of the Worst of Crimes—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food by Building Up Blood and Nerves Restores Restful Sleep.

Sleep is the vacation of the soul; it is the mind gone into the playground of dreams; it is the relaxation of muscles; and the solace of the nerves; it is the bush of activities; it is a calming of the pulse; it is a breathing much slower but much deeper; it is a temporary oblivion of all carking cares; it is a doctor recognized by all schools of medicine. Lack of sleep puts patients on the rack of torture or in the mad-house, or in the grave."

Insomnia is a disease of our country and of our age. Where there is one man or woman with strong, healthy nerves, there are a dozen whose nervous systems are overwrought and unstrung. In vain they toss in beds of misery, longing for nature's great restorer, restful sleep. In hours of temptation they resort to opiates and narcotics, which produce temporary unconsciousness at an enormous expense to the human system.

In all occupations and professions there are times when a special draft is made upon nervous energy. Mothers, too, deprived of sleep, and worn out by caring for their children, and watching them through periods of sickness and disease, are left physical wrecks. Especially in the springtime do we all seem to require an unusual allowance of sleep to overcome the weakening and debilitating effects of winter and the trying changes of temperature.

Sleeplessness is a warning that the nervous force of the body is being exhausted more rapidly than it is being created, and points to ultimate physical bankruptcy. The nights do not repair the waste of the day. Some unusual effort must be made to overcome this state of affairs, or collapse is certain. Scientists have pointed out certain elements of nature as being

peculiarly suited to the needs of an exhausted nervous system. Through the medium of the blood and nervous system these restoratives carry new life and vital energy to every nerve cell in the human anatomy.

While these elements of nature are combined in various proportions, it is now generally conceded by physicians that the prescription used by Dr. Chase with such marvellous success in his immense practice is the one which gives most general satisfaction. This preparation is now known as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and has come to have an enormous sale in every part of this continent, where nervous disorders and sleeplessness are so prevalent.

Each and every sufferer from nervous and physical exhaustion, thin, watery, and impure blood, and the demon insomnia, can begin the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with positive assurance that the regular use of this famous food will gradually and thoroughly build up and reconstruct the nerve cells and bodily tissues, and permanently cure sleeplessness and irritability.

You must not confuse Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with sleep-producing drugs and opiates. It is different from any medicine you ever used, and instead of tearing down the tissues and deadening the nerves, it cures by filling every cell with new life, vigor, and vitality. As a spring tonic and invigorator, it is marvellous. In its action instilling into weak, worn, tired human bodies the strength, elasticity, and buoyancy of perfect health; 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by Edmanson, Bates, and Co., Toronto.

miniature done patiently by a fresco. It is so free from pretension and labor; you do not hear the composer saying, "Now, I'll show you what I can do."

CHERUBINO.

Festival of The Lilies.

The plan of reserved seats for the Festival of the Lilies, to be given in Massey Music Hall, was opened on Monday morning at 9 o'clock, and in three hours three-quarters of all the seats were sold, which is the best evidence of the popularity of this delightful Easter entertainment. An interesting feature of the programme will be a recitation by Miss Luella Hunt, specially written for the occasion by Mrs. Jean Blewett. Luella Hunt is the little girl who delivered the address to Lord Strathearn at the banquet in the Pavilion a short time ago. Another item of importance will be the singing of the boys' choir of Sherbourne Street Church, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Blakeley. The band of the Royal Grenadiers will accompany the choruses.

The Foreman Was Nervous.

A rather large, forbidding looking colored man was being tried in Boston for burglary. When brought face to face with the jury he showed unmistakable signs of fear. The foreman of the jury was a small man and very nervous. After the taking of evidence was closed the twelve men were instructed in the method of rendering their verdict, retired for consultation, and in due time returned into court.

"Gentlemen of the jury," cried the clerk in stentorian tones, "have you agreed on your verdict?" "We have," was the answer.

"Who shall say for you?"

"The foreman."

"Prisoner at the bar, stand up. Hold up your right hand."

The colored prisoner did as he was told, trembling from head to foot.

"Gentlemen, look upon the prisoner at the bar."

At this moment the foreman arose to his feet and tried very hard to look the culprit through and through.

"How say you, gentlemen?" is the prisoner at the bar guilty of the matter whereof he stands indicted or not guilty?"

"Not guilty of burglary, guilty of murder," the foreman shouted.

The culprit fell all in a heap under the trial table.

"What's that verdict?" exclaimed the Judge, who could hardly believe his ears.

"I mean," stammered the foreman, "not guilty of burglary, guilty of larceny."

"Oh," went over the court-room in a subdued rumble, while the prisoner, relieved, gathered himself together to receive sentence.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Drew and Mrs. Kennedy of Guelph are visiting Mrs. F. W. Hudson of 71 Beaty avenue.

Mrs. Charles T. Pearce (nee Astley) will receive on the first and third Mondays at her residence, 3 Anscroft place, Rosedale.

Mr. W. H. Miln left Toronto yesterday for New York, en route to London via Cunard S.S. Lucania, which sails to-day from that port. Mr. G. P. Breckon sails to-day from New York on S.S. Lucania. Mr. Ernest N. Lubbock of the Bank of British North America is off for a short holiday in England. He sails from New York to-day on the Cunarder Lucania.

The Pianola being placed in position to play upright piano. Its felt-covered fingers rest upon the piano keys and strike the notes in the proper relation one to another as though the instrument were alive. It will aid any member of your household may play upon the piano—even if he or she literally does not know one note from another—on one or two selected but every piece of music ever written for the pianoforte. Estimate for yourself the profit and pleasure the Pianola would bring you in a SINGLE year.

Do you realize the entertainment and pleasure the Pianola affords?

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We shall be pleased to show you the Pianola, what it can do for you and what you can do with it, even if you have no intention of purchasing. Why not accept the invitation to call to-morrow?

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There's art in the making of hats—and these famous fashioners from whom we buy have certainly reached perfection point—and whether you buy English or French we promise you the highest style—and it costs no more to have it.

We invite you specially to see our Easter displays while all the charm of newness is on them. Prices—\$2.00 to \$15.00.

J. W. T. FAIRWEATHER & CO.
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week. A third shop to which purchasers go with much confidence, especially for millinery and blouses, is McHenry's. The hats and bonnets are in excellent taste, and most reasonable in price—and a great variety of blouses is exhibited.

The Good Friday lecture given by Mr. Frederic Villiers on Kruger and Khaki gave an opportunity to a good many to secure seats who were unable to do so for the previous delivery of the lecture. The splendid lantern slides are always very enthusiastically received by the audience, and Mr. Villiers' lecture is most interesting.

Mr. Harry Fearnham of Hamilton was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. Mower Martin, R.C.A., who has been away from Toronto for the past two years, writes from the west coast of British Columbia respecting art matters in that section. An exhibition by local artists in Vancouver attracted considerable attention and was fairly successful. Messrs. Ferris and De Forest, Mrs. Balfour Ker and Mrs. L. Davies were among the principal contributors. Mr. Martin himself has been exploring and sketching the beautiful scenery bordering on Puget Sound and the Straits of Fuca, as well as the Olympian and Cascade Mountain ranges, with the famous peaks of Mt. Baker and Mt. Rainier as chief centers of interest. He has collected many studies of the coast Indians and their curious and picturesque canoes, and intends to journey along the northern shore of British Columbia to Alaska to get pictures of the Indian tribes there and their strange and grotesque totem poles, as well as to study the many glaciers and mountains of that region. Mr. Martin has lately sent down to Toronto a consignment of his work of the past two years, which will be on view shortly at the Matthews gallery in Yonge street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Rough and her children, of Winnipeg, are the guests of Mrs. Muldrew of 239 Huron street, city.

The pianoforte recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Tuesday evening last by pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt was both interesting and successful, the following comprehensive programme being performed in an able and artistic manner: Moszkowski's Concerto in E major, op. 59 (first movement), played by Mr. Douglas H. Bertram, with orchestral accompaniment on second piano by Miss Eugenie Quehen (first public performance in Toronto); Chopin's Etude in F minor, op. 25, No. 2, and Etude in G flat, op. 25, No. 9; Mendelssohn's Presto from Fantasia in F sharp minor, op. 28, played by Miss Eugenie Quehen; Clarence Lucas' Prelude and Fugue, op. 38; Mr. Douglas H. Bertram; Wagner-Liszt's Tannhauser March, Mr. Leslie J. Hodgson; Strauss-Tausig, Valse Caprice, "Man Lebt Nur Einmal"; Miss Alice M. Robinson; Tschaikowsky's Concerto in B flat minor, op. 23; Miss Eugenie Quehen, with orchestral accompaniment on second piano by Mr. Bertram.

The date of the organ recital in the Conservatory Music Hall by William C. Carl of New York has been fixed for Monday, April 22. Tickets may be obtained at the Conservatory of Music or at the Nordheimer Piano and Music Company, King's street east.

The new cavalry corps to be known as the Toronto Mounted Rifles is now being formed, recruiting is going on, and the corps will be housed, be up to its full force in time for the brigade camp at Niagara in June. Dr. George A. Peters, who has been such a valuable officer of the Body Guard, has been recommended by the D.O.C. as major in command of the new corps and Mr. Hume Blake is to be second in command as captain. The uniform is to be very trim and soldierly, with all the new improvements which have been learned through the practical experience of the past nearly two years in South Africa.

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Mrs. Archie Hay of Owen Sound, who has been so seriously ill in hospital here, has returned home, quite restored to health, this week.

Mrs. Osler of Cobourg, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Gibson, in Bloor street, has returned home.

A very charming Canadian who has made a success on the operatic stage in England is Miss Gertrude McKenzie, who is now taking a well-deserved rest with her parents at their home, 53 West Roxborough street.

Some of the white-robed maidens who will wait on the cosy luncheon tables at St. James' Schoolhouse, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Fred Graesert and her sister, Mrs. Payne, are Miss Smith at the tea-table, Miss Agnes Vickers, the Misses Smith, Miss Queenie Strathy, Miss Burnside, Miss Alice Boyd, Miss Erie Temple, Miss Sophie Hagarty and Miss Rutherford.

Two engagements are being freely discussed. One concerns the daughter of a Toronto millionaire, and a popular young society man; the other a graceful young lady on the west side, and a young widower. The latter has been informally announced; the former I have not yet had definite confirmation of. More anon.

A very bright and delightful At Home was given by the Literary Society of the Jarvis street Collegiate Institute last Friday afternoon, at which a large and pleasant gathering enjoyed the affair.

Among the millinery which has absorbed the attention of shoppers this spring Stitt has shown some of the most lovely things. An artistic bride, who had purchased her wedding tour chapeau at another place fell in love with one of Stitt's hats and promptly bought it. "Couldn't resist it," was her only excuse for this extravagance. Another very smart and becoming lot of hats was shown at Catto's some time ago. The coats and gowns at this big shop are excellent the year, and some lovely summer things have already been jealously hidden away by prompt purchasers for Horse Show

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You'd be up in arms in a moment if one ventured to hint that anything was too good for your boy.

We've worked on your suggestions and to-day we invite you to see the finest clothing for boys ever manufactured.

Our Boys' Sailor Suits are superb. No newspaper description can do them justice. A glance through the stock at either of our stores will demonstrate this in a moment.

Suits for ages 4 to 10 at prices from \$7.50 down as low as \$1.50.

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By MRS. DUDENEY
Paper, 75c.
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The Toronto Star says:

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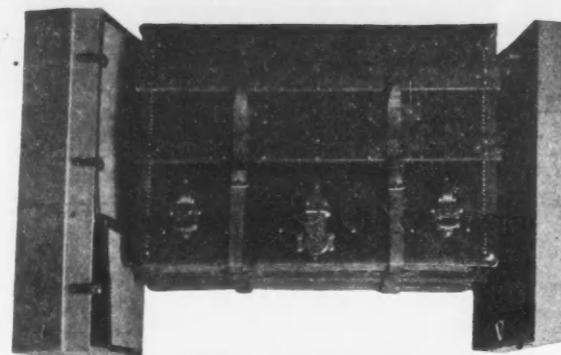
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A Land Rich with Opportunities.

In connection with the proposed Manitoulin and North Shore Railway, from Meaford to Little Current, by way of Owen Sound and the Bruce Peninsula, for which Government assistance is being asked, the following extracts from an address delivered by Mr. Francis H. Clergue before the Board of Trade of Sault Ste. Marie last month are worthy of reproduction:

"What course shall be followed to compel the most speedy and efficacious development and population of this vast territory should be the constant concern of the Governments of Canada. I maintain that the immigration projects of the Dominion and Provincial Governments have been worse than useless; they have simply wasted the people's money in bringing laborers to a market already glutted with laborers. Let the Governments, by judicious general laws and by special grants of wild lands where justifiable, tempt the capitalist and the manufacturer to establish works for the utilization of these Canadian raw materials, and then they will have established an agency for immigration more efficacious than a legion of lecturers and a million maps. Several proofs of my contention are now before the public eye. The Province of Ontario some time ago offered a bonus of \$1 per ton on pig iron made in the province from Ontario ore. The Hamilton furnace immediately resulted; the Deseronto furnace followed; the Midland furnace has just gone into blast, while the Sault furnaces are now under construction. All of these furnaces were partly induced by the bounty, so that while the first one enjoyed it for a time, the others have now reduced it to 25 cents per ton. The slight stimulus thus afforded by the province at a total outlay of only \$125,000 has excited the investment of over \$2,000,000 in blast furnaces employing in a new industry at high wages, from mines to pig metal, over 2,000 men locally, besides the traffic to Canadian ships and railways.

"The latest instance is that of the land grant to the Algoma Central Railway. This measure, when it became law in the Provincial Parliament, seemed to have the popular approval of the citizens of the province. The region traversed by the Algoma Central Railway was unknown and inaccessible, except to the woodsman inured to Indian hardships. In consideration of the opening up of this region for settlement by the construction of the Algoma Central Railway, the Government has donated to that company a large area along its line. With the expectation of securing a profit from the forests growing on these lands, and from the products of the soil after cutting off the forests, the construction of the Algoma Central has been undertaken. At present 12 miles of this railway have been completed, and are in operation between Michipicoten harbor and the Helen mine. Forty miles to a connection with the Canadian Pacific are under construction. Twenty-five miles of the main line from Sault Ste. Marie northwest are in operation and 50 miles are partly completed. The total expenditures on account of this construction have already exceeded three millions of dollars, and the sum necessary to complete the road will probably exceed five millions of dollars. This investment of eight millions of dollars involves an annual interest charge of about five hundred thousand dollars, and this amount of net profit annually must be derived from the lands granted by the Government, since no other business for the traffic of the road now exists in the region. To cause the land grant to realize this profit the railway company must people the land and establish various manufactures for the use of forest products, build furnaces and reduction works to utilize the ore, and establish thousands of farmers to till the soil. All of these undertakings must be originated by the railway company to secure the necessary income. To do so will require additional investments of large sums and untiring energy in inducing people to come to this raw country as permanent settlers. I estimate that it will take the labors of 25,000 people contributing solely to the traffic of the Algoma Central Railway to earn interest on the cost of its construction. Twenty-five thousand laborers will support a population of 100,000, and when these 25,000 laborers have become scattered in different industries between Sault Ste. Marie and the northern limit of the Algoma Central, the very efforts of this large population, installed at the private expense of the railway company, will have made the lands of the Government equal in value to those of the railway company, and will thus have made valuable an asset of the people otherwise worthless. Who will say this is not the wisest course for the Government to pursue in seeking to accomplish the population of the country and the development of its resources? I believe that no party can remain in power, and that no party can take power, who will oppose measures so plainly in the public interest. Ask the laborers of Sydney, and of the hundred different manufacturers in Canada who have contributed materials to the Sydney works, if they disapprove of the steel bounty. Ask the question in Hamilton, in Midland, in Sault Ste. Marie, and you will have but one answer—the measure was wise, and is reaping more than the expected benefits. But the policy of land grants to railways is vastly more far-reaching than the promotion



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of a single interest, and a land grant is of vastly greater benefit to the country, and ultimately better for the railway company, than a cash subsidy. What is populating the prairie and western country of Canada? The efforts of the Immigration Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway to induce immigration to the lands owned by that railway. Why is that part of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Sudbury and Port Arthur practically without an inhabitant? Because for that part of the railway only a cash subsidy was taken, and there the Canadian Pacific Railway has no direct interest in populating the land.

"Everybody now admits that the wisest legislation ever enacted by Canada was when she resolved to make a success of the Canadian Pacific Railway by public aid, but with that accomplishment the public seemed to feel enough had been done. Not so. If half a dozen railways between the Lakes and Hudson Bay can be built on land grants, I advocate granting the land. If a dozen railways can be built from the Atlantic to the Pacific over Canadian territory on land grants, I say, give them the land. By no other course will Canada so soon feel the stirring of the pulse with the fresh, vigorous life-blood of new people.

"Let me summarize the conditions which the captious critic would discover here. He would find that in the different lines of industry we had expended here in the neighborhood of nine millions of dollars cash, all of which has been foreign money injected into the circulating medium of Canada to remain forever to the everlasting blessing of thousands of its inhabitants; that the completion and successful operation of our undertaking will require the expenditure of a

sum nearly as large; that several thousands of inhabitants had found new employment in these undertakings at a higher scale of wages than had ever before prevailed in Canada; that the passenger earnings of the little Canadian Pacific station at Sault Ste. Marie, which were \$15,000 in the year 1895, had grown to \$61,000 in the year 1900; that the freight earnings of the same little station had grown from \$25,000 in 1895 to \$142,000 in 1900; that all the Canadian steamship lines operating to Sault Ste. Marie had to put on additional steamers and that they were still unable to carry all the freight we required; that our works sent over \$300,000 in cash to Georgian Bay ports in last year purchases; that we sent nearly as much to Hamilton, and nearly as much to Toronto; that the machinery and electrical supplies that we have purchased from Peterboro' have amounted to over \$100,000; that Brantford, Galt, Dundas, and every other Ontario town engaged in mechanical manufactures had received from twenty-five thousand to two hundred thousand dollars of patronage from us; that our requirements had advanced the price of horses and nearly all farm products in that part of Ontario tributary to Sault Ste. Marie. In fact, for the year 1900 we expended in farm products and manufactured materials more than one million of dollars in the Province of Ontario alone, besides a very large sum in the Province of Quebec. By looking over our estimates for the year 1901 he would see that our requirements of a similar character from Southern Ontario will amount to more than two million of dollars, and that additional steamship lines are being inaugurated from Georgian Bay and Lake Huron points to Sault Ste. Marie on the opening of navigation. That the railways entering the American Soo have announced additional passenger train service to bring impatient travelers to Sault Ste. Marie, and that the Canadian Pacific Railway is putting on an additional passenger service to Sault Ste. Marie for the same purpose. Looking over our office staff he would find scientific and classical graduates from every college in Canada, clerks from nearly every bank in Canada, and accountants from almost every city in Ontario. Among the artisans, mechanics, and laborers he will find nearly every town and city in Ontario represented, and all of these people have assembled here because they found the rewards of labor greater than elsewhere.

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show that these expenditures, commencing six years ago, had yielded no return at all for the first three years; that the works then commenced to get into full operating condition, and from that time onward there has been a satisfactory progress in the earning capacity of our various establishments as they have gradually come into operating conditions. The advantages of raw materials which we shall enjoy by means of the Algoma Central land grant will beyond doubt yield a large income on all the very great investments necessary for its utilization; but this recompense can only be enjoyed in the fruition of time, and undertakings of the magnitude of ours should not be entered into by those who cannot learn to labor and to wait. The enthusiasm to commence them, and the courage to complete them, can all be had when sustained by the good will and the cordial sympathy of the people and the public men of Canada, but an ambition which will conceive such things will be quickly dulled, and the courage which will carry them out will be quickly chilled, if, as soon as energetic action gives evidence of the serious intention of carrying the projects through, political interests make them the object of attack. But I am full of confidence, and just such genuine and cordial applause as you give me here I hope to deserve of all Canadians for many a year to come."

Mr. Humble's New Position

Mr. T. M. Humble has been appointed the western representative of "La Presse" of Montreal. The appointment should be satisfactory on both sides. "La Presse" is a great paper, and Humble is a good man for the position.

Hard on the Physicians.

A Hoosick Falls correspondent writes to the Troy "Times": "Quotations from tombstones in graveyards seem to figure prominently of late in the Troy 'Times' and other leading newspapers of to-day, and suggest that this village, being always up to date, has a contribution to offer that may be worthy of a place among the most odd and quaint, and which can be seen and read at any time in the daylight. In Maple Grove Cemetery, south of the postoffice, there is a headstone upon which is the following:

"Her body was stolen by fiendish men,
Her bones anatomized;
Her soul, we trust, has risen to God,
Where few physicians rise."

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